

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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A GIRL'S REMARKABLE FEAT

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A COWBOY IN PERIL THE BULL MOOSE IN THE NARROW WAY

Exciting Adventure in the
Caribou Lands

A GOOD FIGHT AND A GOOD CAPTURE

A dramatic story of a cowboy's adventure comes from a far-off region of the British Empire.

Along the narrow trail among the scattered pines in the Caribou lands of British Columbia a cowboy, Victor Hurrer, was ambling back to his ranch without much thought of anything except the supper waiting for him when he got there.

It is a desolate country, with no roads and little to distract the attention except the mosquitoes and the vicious flies which have given their name to Horsefly Lake. He saw no other rider on the trail. The outlying group of shacks which he had been visiting is called Lone Butte. Victor was the lone horseman of this story.

A Rope as a Weapon

Suddenly he discovered he was not alone. Facing him, its antlers lowered for battle, was a bull moose. A bull moose on the only path in a thicket of pines and undergrowth is a much more alarming thing than a bull in an English pasture. For one thing, a bull moose is three-quarters of a ton of fighting strength, and he likes fighting; the English bull may have some doubts as to whether to gore the stranger in his field. The American bull moose, black and fierce, looks like fighting, and, in the poet's words, he means it too!

If the cowboy had had time to think or room to turn he would have abandoned the right of way to the moose without question. But he had neither. Also he had not packed a gun. He could not fight, and though to run he was not ashamed the opportunity did not arise. But his name was not Victor for nothing. His hand went like a flash to the lasso at his saddle horn. It was all the weapon he had. He loosed it off at the giant in the path.

Catching a Tartar

Lightly the lasso flew through the air; as lightly it settled on the moose's horns and the great beast was securely tied. He was tied in a knot there was no undoing, for the lariat was bound fast to the saddle and the saddle was even more firmly fixed to the horse than the rider. But the rider was fixed too. There was no getting down for him. He was in the position of the sailor who had caught a Tartar and, when admonished to let him go, woefully explained that the Tartar would not let him go. It was the bull moose that now took charge of the situation.

With a bellow of terror at the strange bandeau which bound his antlered head, he burst into the forest, dragging horse

Follow My Leader



A new playground for boys and girls has been opened at Duke's Meadows, Chiswick, and the most popular thing in it is this jolly slide, which gives endless joy to children who have not been able to get away to the seaside

and rider with him. The forest is a friendly pasturage to the moose. In spite of the spreading tangle of his horns he can rush through it like a railway train. The smaller limbs of the trees snap like twigs before him. He minds them not at all. But imagine the feelings of the rider whose horse he was towing and who was as helpless as another Mazeppa! Imagine them when the moose, enraged by the burden he could not shake off, stopped, whirled round, and charged toward horse and rider. He missed. His horns grazed them. Then on he went again, and once more the captured and the capturers crashed through the trees together.

The cowboy realised that this one-sided retreat could end in only one way. Sooner or later the horse must stumble, and the moose would wreak vengeance on the helpless heap. He got his knife from his hip to cut the lariat. But while he sawed at its tough strands a toss of the head of the moose, followed by a tightening of the lariat, jerked the knife

from his hands. He was more helpless than ever now.

His last hour seemed to have come when, after a pause, the moose first stood still and then turned as if to charge again. But that momentary pause, in which the lariat was slackened, was the cowboy's salvation. The rope was very long, and it hung loose. The cowboy took his chance, and in fewer seconds than it takes to write he had swiftly gone round and round a group of growing pines, winding the rope about them. He had tethered his assailant, which had now for the first time become his undoubted captive.

The bull moose had made a good fight. It could do no more. Victor cut the rope from the saddle-horn, fastened it securely with a cowboy's knot to the pines, and left the bull moose a prisoner in the forest.

We are not told the sequel of the story, but we may suppose that the tethered moose was not allowed to die of slow starvation.

AN ARTIST HOME AGAIN

ALFRED GILBERT AND
HIS WORK

His Unfinished Monument in
Windsor's Beautiful Chapel

INSPIRATION TO YOUNG ARTISTS

Alfred Gilbert is in England. Artists, sculptors, architects, and connoisseurs are filled with enthusiasm at the news.

We are all familiar with his beautiful figure of Eros, which used to preside over Piccadilly Circus, but few people are familiar even with his name.

Alfred Gilbert was unknown to the many, and almost a legend to others. Now, when more than seventy years old, he returns to England, and the art world is thrilled by his reappearance. What does it all mean?

Art Before Business

The truth is that Alfred Gilbert's genius was not allied with a sense of business, and he exasperated people by exceeding the estimates given or by long delays. It is told of him that a public body commissioned a certain piece of work, and three months after sent someone to his studio; the messenger returned to say that it was not begun. In six months the same thing happened. At the end of a year the artist still had nothing to show. No wonder his clients were angry. Yet Gilbert had been working hard all the time, making endless designs, rejecting one after another.

Thirty-three years ago King Edward commissioned Gilbert to make a tomb for the Duke of Clarence at Windsor. The work was begun, and is a marvel of beauty. Great sums were spent on it. But all at once the artist lost faith in himself and would not finish the tomb, and twenty years ago his friends were dismayed to learn that the sculptor had departed to Bruges.

What Will He Think of Rima?

He has remained there ever since, working quietly on things the world has not seen. Even when the Germans were in occupation the sculptor worked on, all unheeding.

The world forgot him, or, when it remembered, thought he was dead. Only a handful of artists lamented that such a genius should be lost to England. Now, as mysteriously as he went, he has returned, announcing that he feels able to finish his masterpiece at Windsor. When we see the beautiful things he has been making in Bruges the fashion for grotesque and ugly things will die.

What will he think of Rima, we wonder. It is thought that the presence of this romantic exile and great artist will be an inspiration to the younger generation. Of him Rodin once said that he was a far greater man than Benvenuto Cellini.

CONQUEROR OF THE CHANNEL

A GIRL'S REMARKABLE FEAT

Wonderful Triumph Over Wind and Tide

BEATING THE RECORDS OF ALL MEN

One of the most famous of classical legends is that of Leander swimming nightly across the Dardanelles to visit Hero, the lady of his love; but an American girl of 18, Gertrude Ederle, has done a greater thing: she has swum the Channel in record time.



Miss Ederle

Miss Ederle, the Conqueror of the Channel, is a little pocket giant, with the powerful limbs and shoulders of a well-developed youth added to such courage, endurance, and speed as no one, man or woman, has ever excelled.

She tried the feat last year, with a jazz band on her accompanying tug, and failed after nine hours. This time she had a gramophone, but we fancy the kind words and cheery counsel of her friends were the chief aids; for, despite all the wonder of the feat, she had her times of discouragement.

For three hours she sat shivering with doubt by the kitchen fire of her hotel at Cape Grisnez, waiting for the seven o'clock set of the tide. When she had been only seven minutes afloat, and great waves rose against her, she felt that she must be beaten; but after that it was her friends, and not the swimmer herself, who doubted.

Swimming with a superb stroke, she beat her way, hour after hour, with unflagging force and determination. Three times the tide turned while she was in the water, and each time she had rare luck in not being carried away, as so many other swimmers in the Channel have been.

Fighting the Waves

She merited her luck, for she had to combat very bad conditions when a south-west wind got up and threw waves from 15 to 20 feet over her. "Will you give it up and try another day?" she was asked. "I'll do it today or never," she gallantly answered.

So wonderful was her progress that once she seemed likely to land at Dover in ten hours. But the tide swept her away in earnest now, and Dover cliffs seemed so mocking a sight that she closed her eyes and "swam blind." There was just the possibility that the tide would bear her right away from the coast, but, with a strength and fortitude beyond all praise, she battled through the current and at last gained the bay of Kingsdown, which is between Deal and St. Margaret's.

Searchlight and Bonfires

Lighthouse men showed her the way with a searchlight, for it was now dark; people on shore lit huge bonfires to guide her, and at last, after 14 hours 39 minutes, she touched ground. She had swum from France to England, the first girl to do so, beating the records of all the five men who had preceded her—the best by two hours, the slowest by twelve hours and ten minutes.

Her chief delight was for her father's sake, her next that an American had been the first woman to succeed. She was so little fatigued that she had another swim the next day, and the same afternoon she took the boat back to Boulogne. She had fought a triumphant battle with wind and tide, and she stands out among the triumphant athletes of our time and as one of the greatest swimmers ever known.

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

WHAT TWO WISE MEN SAY ABOUT IT

Science Tells Us What Matters to a Child

THE MOTHER'S CHARACTER MORE THAN MONEY

When Wordsworth married he had only £70 a year, but he was contented.

Poets believe that the things which matter cost very little. They say that man should ask no more than a roof, a suit of clothes, enough food to keep body and soul together, the earth and sky to look at, and a friend to talk with. If we search the literature of ancient people we find that there has always been a poet or a prophet telling the world that money does not bring happiness.

The world has never believed the poets, but it has usually been ashamed to say so. Just as the poor man who lives in London today thinks he would be happy if he could afford a motor-car, so the poor man in Babylon thought that he would be happy if he had a chariot. The women of Babylon and Athens and Rome, like the women of London and Paris and New York, longed for jewels and silk raiment; but they dared not own it, for all the preachers and teachers were saying that happiness does not come from great possessions.

The Poets Justified

Now there has come a change. Many leaders and teachers say that we need not be ashamed of money. That is right and natural. All the suffering in the world (they tell us) comes from lack of money. If only men had bigger wages there would be no more hungry children, no more dirty homes, no more cruelty and crime, hardly any disease.

It has been said so loudly and so often that almost everyone has begun to believe that the foundation of earthly happiness is money. But, just as we were prepared to call the poets fools and hypocrites, the Medical Research Council has published a report which proves the poets to be shrewd indeed.

One Room for a Home

This report is the work of two distinguished Glasgow men of science, Professors Noel Paton and Leonard Findlay. They have been investigating the conditions of child life in Scottish cities and rural districts.

Almost all the slum children visited lived in homes of one or two rooms each, and in Glasgow nearly half were in one-roomed homes. Yet it was found that their rate of growth was about the same as that of the country children, though their average size and weight were smaller, and differences in family income were found to have as little effect as overcrowding. Some children are healthier than others, and they have asked themselves: What makes the difference? Is it heredity, environment, or something else?

Mother's Love

The professors do not agree that "a simple increase of income would remedy all evils." Sometimes, of course, children are suffering because their parents are poor, but not always.

The professors have concluded that the thing which really makes the difference to a child is not the father's income but the mother's character. Think what this means. A mother who loves her child more than herself will have a happier and healthier child than the mother who is more prosperous but more selfish. She may have only a tiny room, but she keeps it clean, and the children too; there may be little to eat, but it is the right sort of food, and well-cooked; there may be no time for the picture-palace and no money for the public-house, but there is time to make the children's clothes and money to mend their boots. If you called such a mother

ANOTHER GOOD THING FROM THE WAR

Poison Gas to Keep Fields Free

When we say that Moscow has just despatched six truckloads of poison gas we are not referring to what is called Bolshevik propaganda.

The news comes that a plague of locusts has descended on southern Russia, and hundreds of square miles are threatened with destruction. Hitherto men have been helpless before these pests. They might kill them, but there were thousands more. The insects crept on, eating up every blade of grass, and leaving famine in their wake.

The authorities are going to build a huge ring of fires round this immense host, and aeroplanes will then bombard it with poison gas. At last man will be master of the locust, and kill it wholesale.

So, after all, there is good in everything. Even poison gas, which seemed to be the most fiendish of all the inventions of the war, can be used to keep fields green and barns full. It may even yet become the farmer's friend, and once more we are reminded of the sword that was beaten into a ploughshare.

FOUR MONTHS IN THE DARK

An Englishman Among the Danes

Two Danes and an Englishman have just set out on an expedition to the east coast of Greenland to make a geological survey for the Danish Government.

This coast can only be approached during two months of the year, the band of thirty miles of floating ice which lines it being impenetrable at any other time. Once within the barrier, therefore, the party will have to stay there till it opens once more. For four months of their stay they will be in perpetual darkness, and for longer than that they will be kept stationary by snowfall.

The Englishman, Mr. Tom Harris, of Keyham, near Leicester, who had a distinguished career at Cambridge, attracted the attention of the Danish Government by his work on the fossil plants of Greenland, which that Government has since had published.

A TRAGEDY IN THE SNOW

One More Alpine Tale

This is the summer season of the Alpine heights, when all manner of tourists dare the mountains, and there comes yet another story from the Austrian Alps to serve as a reminder of what the dangers are.

A guide with four tourists, one of them a girl, ascended the Wiesbachhorn. At ten thousand feet a snow-blizzard descended on them, wiping out the path and wrapping them in its deathly embrace. Only one, the girl, Fräulein Lucker, lived through it to tell the tale.

The guide died first, frozen to death. The girl wrapped herself in her cloak and dug a hole in the snow, where she lay down while the falling flakes covered her. She did not die, and when she woke to consciousness the storm had passed and the Sun was shining. But round her lay the bodies of her companions. She alone was living.

Continued from the previous column

a heroine she would say, like a sailor who is praised for risking his life to help another: "Why, it's only my duty"; but she would add, smiling, "And it's my pleasure too."

Our two professors are hard-headed scientists and not poets, so they speak of all this as "maternal efficiency"; but they mean something as beautiful as anything a poet ever wrote. They have proved anew that the greatest thing in the world is Love.

DROPS OF LIGHT

The Extraordinary Thing a Fish Does

A NEW DISCOVERY

An interesting discovery has been made by Mr. C. F. Hickling during a cruise on one of the trawlers fishing for hake off the coast of Galway.

There is a little fish, caught by the trawlers in great numbers, which gives off light. Each of these little fishes will yield one drop of the most powerful light-giving substance known; so powerful is the light-producing substance that a hundred fishes, tiny though they be, give off as much light as a candle.

The luminous matter is entirely unlike anything that has been discovered before. Most of the phosphorescence of the sea is due to bacteria which convert their food into light, but the little fish in question produces some mysterious chemical matter which can be mixed with water and will render the whole of the water luminous.

When this fish is attacked it throws into the sea a large cloud of luminous matter, and while its aggressor is wondering what the sudden light is all about the little fish makes its escape.

The discovery has just been recorded by the Marine Biological Association, and it is thought that by studying this light-giving material in the chemist's laboratory it may become possible to produce chemical light of a really practical nature.

HELPING AMERICA TO KEEP HER LAWS

A New Understanding on Smuggling

It is good news that an agreement has been reached between representatives of the British and American authorities concerned with the suppression of liquor-smuggling from this country to America.

As Britain is not a Prohibition country, her officials cannot prevent the export of spirits; but they can see that our laws about the registration of ships, the declaration of cargoes, the observation of quarantine, and so on, are properly kept, and that no unnecessary difficulties shall be put in the way of the American officials keeping a watch on suspects.

The whole matter has been thoroughly threshed out in London with the American representatives, who now know what and how much help we can give them, and their chief declares himself "just as pleased as a child" with the result.

It is hoped that the stain which the Bahamas, one of our Crown Colonies, has put on the British flag by encouraging law-breaking in a friendly country will now be blotted out.

THINGS SAID

Loss of familiarity with the Bible has impoverished the language.

Lord Eustace Percy

Nothing can be better for boys than to reverence the ten points of the Scout Law.

Duke of Portland

The British Empire has been built up by our love of adventure.

Bishop of Derby

To suppose that it is possible to turn 320,000,000 people of India into imitation Europeans is an idle dream.

Earl of Ronaldshay

Our business man abroad should be able to chaff his customers in their own language. They like it.

The Home Secretary

The newspaper press of the world is the means by which the peoples are able to talk to each other.

Lord Robert Cecil

THE END OF AN AGE-OLD FABLE

Gold in the Sea Story Meets its Doom

NOT WORTH GETTING OUT

For centuries men have had the idea that there is a great deal of gold to be obtained from the sea. Fortunes have been lost in attempts to extract gold from sea water, and wonderful estimates have been made which show how many millions of pounds could be reaped from the sea if its gold could be got out.

A final blow has now been given to the seekers after sea gold by some very careful investigations that have been described at a meeting of German chemists at Kiel. Professor Haber and Professor Jaenicke, who have been working on the problem for years, have made analyses of no less than five thousand samples of sea water from all parts of the globe. They tried water taken from great depths in the South Atlantic; they tested molten ice from the Polar seas; and they found that in many cases it would require three million tons of sea water to give an ounce of gold, so that the cost would be ridiculous.

A Profitless Enterprise

A very interesting result of their work has been to show that sea water in certain places is far richer in gold than in others, and it might just happen that the amount of gold found in a certain locality would justify a scientist in thinking it could be profitably extracted. But, alas! to discover enough localities to make it worth while is shown to be as difficult as to turn lead into gold.

It is to be hoped that this stupendous piece of work may at least save the pockets of gullible people of future generations (if there are any gullible people then!), for fresh schemes for winning gold from the sea are sure to turn up from time to time.

THE ILLNESS TAX

Why Should We Pay It?

HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS A YEAR TO SAVE

There is a greater tax on incomes than the Income Tax. It is wrung out of the nation by illness, and it amounts to hundreds of millions a year.

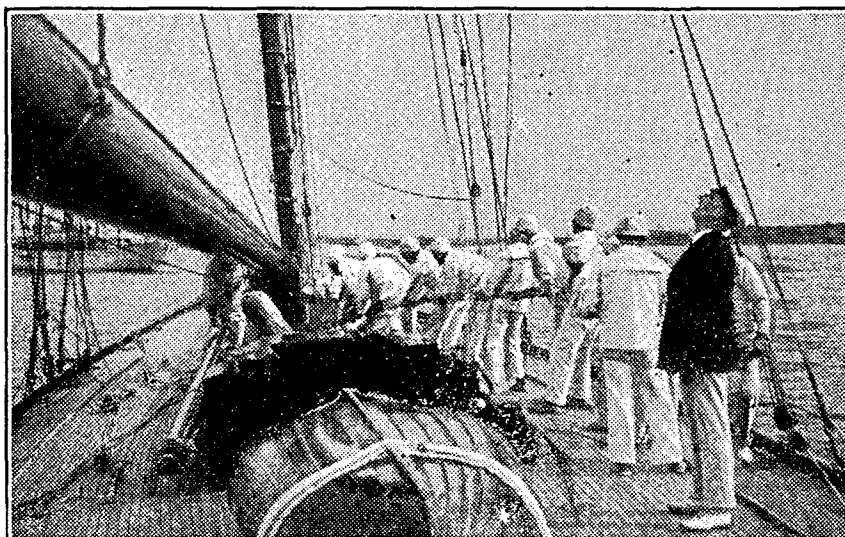
Influenza, coughs and colds, bronchitis, lumbago, dyspepsia, are some of the tax collectors. They will take no refusal, they will not wait, but insist on payment on the spot. Yet the doctors who know best say that there ought to be no need to pay them, for most of this burden is owing to preventable diseases. As King Edward once said, if preventable, why not prevented?

If a Chancellor of the Exchequer could count on receiving the takings of the Illness Tax he could reduce all other taxes enormously. He could do better than that. So much would the working power of the nation be increased that the Chancellor would almost be able to pay the nation a bonus. Probably the nation would grow so clear-headed, with a sound mind in a sound body, that it would never go on strike, and as for war, who would dare to go to war against a thoroughly healthy nation?

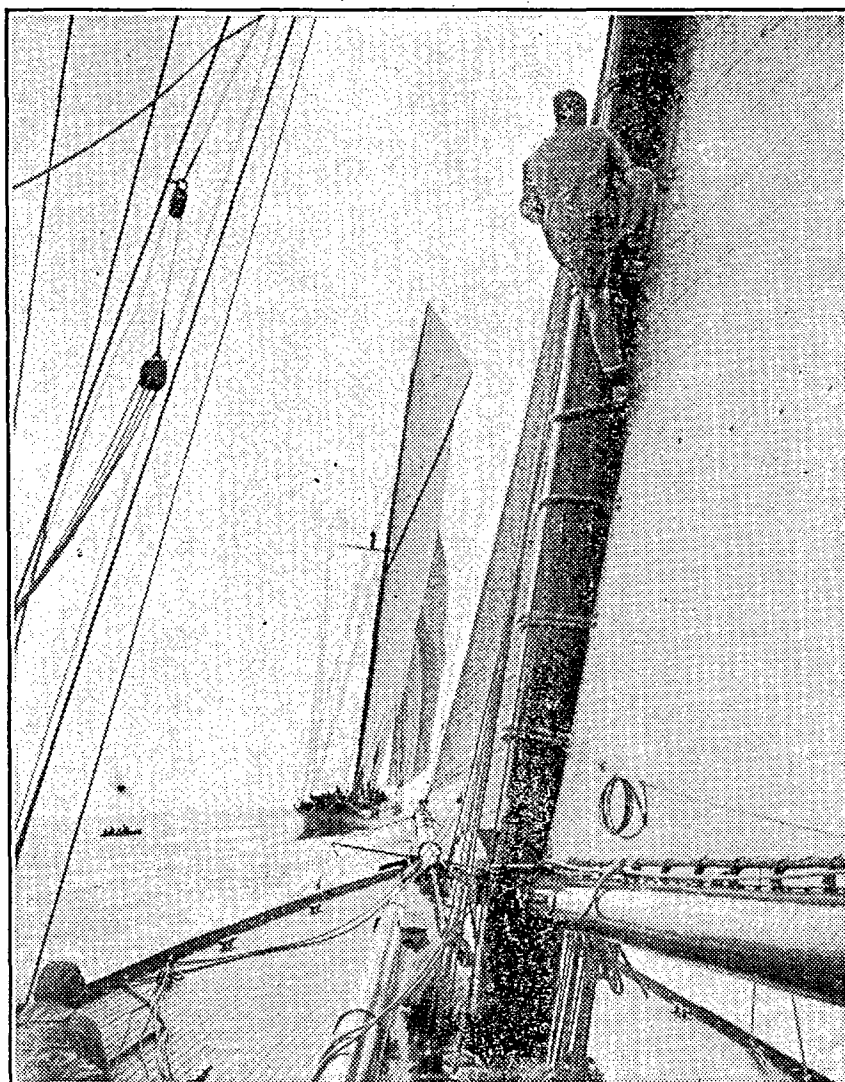
Yet, though diseases and illnesses and minor sicknesses are preventable, there is a long way to travel to abolish the tax. Perhaps, as both Sir Lynden Macassey and Sir Arbuthnot Lane have suggested, one of the best beginnings would be with food. Some poor people have to eat too little, especially of the right kinds of food. Others eat too much. If only everybody ate the right amount of the right food, no more and no less, the food bill would be halved and something more would come off the Illness Tax.

As for the Drink Bill, that is another form of the Illness Tax, the most monstrous of all.

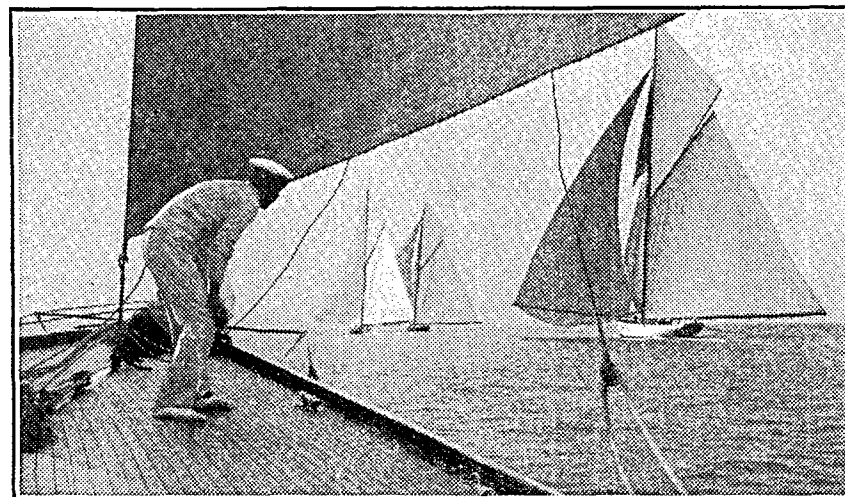
YACHTING AT COWES



Hoisting the mainsail on the Shamrock



A yachtsman climbing the mast during a race



A race in which the King's yacht, in the centre, is leading

Thousands of people enjoy Cowes Regatta every year, even if they know nothing of the art of sailing, because there are few more beautiful sights than the yachts flying before the breeze with their great white sails spread. Here we see some pictures taken at Cowes during the races. The masts of some of the yachts are as high as the Nelson Column in London

THE PLAYHOUSES OF THE POOR

OLD VIC AND SADLER'S WELLS

How a Splendid Movement Began in a Slum

A CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

A lady used to pass through the streets of South London with a sorrowful heart, so many women did she see with the marks of ill-usage upon them.

The lady knew that these scars came from drunken quarrels, and she asked herself if the men of South London were worse than the men of West London. She told herself that they were not, but remembered that the men of South London had sordid, dark little homes, and after a hard day's work they wanted light and cheerfulness, so they crowded into public-houses. They had nowhere else to go.

Then the lady thought that if only somebody would give them shelter, brightness, and beauty they would not drink or beat their wives, and from that thought sprang the wonderful tradition which today is affectionately called the Old Vic.

To Give Poor People Beauty

A ruinous old music-hall was cleaned up, and the noblest dramas conceived by the human mind were played there. A very small sum was charged for admission. The actors and the management had only one aim, to give poor people beauty. Soon it was proved that the people of South London, although some of them looked so squalid, were more ready than the people of West London to listen to the best poetry and the best music.

The enthusiasts have had their reward. Not only have they brought beauty into a sordid corner, but they have become great artistes. Miss Sybil Thorndike rose to fame through her work at the Old Vic. More romantic still is the story of Miss Constance Willis. She toiled in a workroom all day, but at night she entered fairyland; she was allowed to sing in the chorus at the Old Vic. Later the little work-girl with a passion for fine music was given small parts, and then she appeared at Covent Garden.

A Boon to Children

Today Shakespeare and Euripides draw such crowds to the Old Vic that many people have to be turned away from every performance. Small wonder that North London is wanting such a theatre as well.

While the old Sadler's Wells Theatre in Islington is preparing itself for its new life as the Old Vic of North London the children have found a pleasant playground within its walls and hoardings. London has a crying need for children's pleasure-grounds, and the playground of Sadler's Wells is a great blessing this summer.

Some day these children will be the steady patrons of music and drama in the new theatre, without whose support its mission in that drab neighbourhood could not well be fulfilled; and it is all to the good that it should become their familiar friend in its scaffolding and hoarding stage.

It is a sound instinct which leads its manager to make these children its friends, missionaries of the cause he represents among their crowded homes.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A portrait by Raeburn . . .	£5460
Book by William Penn . . .	£340
Letter by Pope . . .	£45
Letter by Nelson . . .	£19
1823 Tasmanian shilling token . .	£16

In contrast to the £60,900 recently paid for a portrait by Romney, a portrait of John Wesley by Romney has been sold for six guineas.

THE PHANTOM ARMY OF INVERARAY

A QUEER TALE FROM THE LONG AGO

What Two Men Saw in the Light of a Summer's Day AND WHAT IT MAY HAVE BEEN

Many people were astonished the other day when they saw that the most important column in The Times newspaper was filled by the story of what was called a Vision.

Lady Frances Balfour contributed the document, which has been in her family since 1808. It was written by a Mr. Archibald Bell, Writer to the Signet, Inveraray, and recorded that his father and grandfather had seen a ghostly army. They were both well known as sober and honourable men. No one had ever doubted their story. Yet it is one of the strangest ever told.

Red Coats and Bayonets

It was on a clear summer's day, some time between 1746 and 1753, about three o'clock, when they were walking towards Inveraray, that they turned a corner and saw a great number of men marching toward them. They wore red coats, and their bayonets glittered in the sun. As far as eye could see along the road there were soldiers: more and more came on round the bend of the road on the horizon. The two men realised that it was not a regiment but an army which they saw. The older man said it must have come from Ireland, and added that, though he had fought at Culloden, he had never seen so many men before.

For a long time the two stood watching the advancing soldiers, noticing many details which interested the younger man, who, unlike his father, had never been a soldier. Children and women loaded with pots and other household gear hurried along by the menfolk. There were sixteen pairs of colours. The men in the rear frequently had to run to keep their places. These things the two Bells discussed together.

The Man on a Grey Horse

By now the soldiers were very near. The vanguard of about fifty men was led by an officer on foot. Then came a man on a grey horse who had a gold-laced hat and a blue hussar coat lined with red. The Bells thought he must be the Commander-in-Chief, and they stared so hard that they would have recognised him again.

All at once it struck the younger Bell that the sergeants might force him to become a recruit, as the press gang seized men for the Navy. He told his father that they had better make off, but the older man felt he was safe, so the boy jumped a dyke, and then turned to see if his action had been noticed. To his amazement the army had vanished!

A Strange Ghost Tale

Though there are no such things as ghosts, there are ghost stories innumerable, but this is different from all the others because it took place in broad daylight. There was no reason why the Bells should imagine they saw the army. If they had seen it at dusk on an old battlefield we should think the tale as silly as all other ghost stories.

What are we to make of the strange tale? When Archibald Bell wrote it down in 1808 he said he did so with reluctance, "well knowing how little reliance is given by the more intelligent classes of people to a narration of that kind, and how little it corresponds with

END OF A BORDER THIEF

Miran Khan's Surrender JUSTICE ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER

Where the province of Sind on the North-West frontier of India borders the No Man's Land of Baluchistan herds are few and bandits are almost beyond the reach of the law. One of the bandits, Miran Khan Jamali, will raid no more. He is serving a life-sentence behind the stone walls of an Indian prison. But in his lifetime he has had a career as fierce and wild as the nine-months wind that roars through the passes and over the deserts of his native land.

He is of the Jamali tribe, and as one of its most unruly members has shown for years how one man with a few reckless companions can hold up the might of the British Raj. He plundered villages, he looted a railway station, he walked into a court room where a trial of two villagers, friends of his own, was being held and marched off with the accused at the muzzle of his rifle.

It is a strange neighbourhood this wild corner of the British dominions, held for us only by a few administrators, backed by frontier military posts; and the way in which Miran Khan was delivered to justice is typical of our dealings and of the way in which the border tribes regard the British power.

Tried by His Own People

Every border tribe has its own Elders, and its own rights, village, herds, and fields. While Miran Khan left his tribe alone they left him alone. When his attacks on the British or on those whom the British protected became so numerous that they feared punishment of themselves for Miran's misdeeds they took action.

It was conveyed to them, and more especially was it conveyed to the Jamali tribe to which Miran belonged, that Miran had gone on too long. He must be given up or the tribe would suffer in cows and fines and restriction of its movements.

So the tribes consulted, and they handed on the decree to Miran. His time was up. Miran took the intimation like a loyal tribesman. He would not bring trouble on them. He would give himself up—on terms. The tribe stipulated for his life. Miran stipulated that his own people should try him.

So it was arranged. After Miran's name they now say "Mafish"—it is finished; and the trouble for a time appears to be over.

Continued from the previous column

the ordinary course of cause and effect." Being prosaic Saxons and not romantic Highlanders, we believe that there may be some physical explanation for the apparition. It is not impossible that it was in the nature of a mirage, and that the actual army was really marching somewhere miles away.

We might make another guess. All sights and sounds are vibrations in the ether. We know that sound waves go on for ever. Perhaps under certain rare conditions sights may have what we can perhaps call an echo. Even the wisest scientists do not understand the whole range of vibrations, although they have learnt to use some of them. We do not believe in ghosts (no sensible man does), but we do believe in wonder. Every fresh discovery of science deepens the mystery of life by showing us how much more there is to know.

THE PROMS FAMOUS CONCERTS BEGIN AGAIN

A Great Piece of Music- Making for London

WORK OF SIR HENRY WOOD

By Our Music Correspondent

There has now begun at the Queen's Hall the thirty-second season of the most famous annual series of orchestral concerts in the world.

For eight weeks the fortunate Londoner will be able to enjoy at very small cost exquisite performances of the greatest masterpieces of orchestral composition. On Mondays the dramatic music of Wagner will fill the programmes, the delicacy and brilliance of Haydn and Mozart on Tuesdays; on Wednesdays John Sebastian Bach will draw crowds of enthusiasts; Thursdays will be devoted to lighter music; a combination of Bach, Handel and Beethoven will provide Friday's programmes; and Saturday's programmes will be drawn from the works of various composers, past and present.

Works by British Composers

It is a good plan that the great composers of established fame should have a definite place allotted to them in these programmes, and it is sound common-sense that a large proportion of the works performed should be drawn from the compositions of the great masters, but it would be a great mistake to confine the choice to these sources, and so a number of works by contemporary composers, both British and foreign, are included. Dame Ethel Smyth, our great woman composer, will conduct her overture to *The Wreckers*; Rutland Boughton, of *Immortal Hour* fame, will conduct the overture to his opera *The Queen of Cornwall*; and works of Vaughan Williams, Holst, Elgar, Ireland, Bliss, and others will help to show that British composers are making important contributions to the store of great music.

Nicknames and abbreviations are not always signs of affection or popularity, but in the case of the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts the universally recognised abbreviation *The Proms* is an indication of their world-wide fame and popularity.

A Great Leader

With such excellent musical material and a splendidly efficient orchestra to perform it there is still required the genius of a great leader to shape the programme and inspire the members of the orchestra to a fine interpretation. This genius is found in the person of Sir Henry Wood, the conductor of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and the tributes paid to him by enthusiastic audiences make it plain that in his case, at all events, genius is recognised.

But for continued success artistic excellence must be coupled with satisfactory financial arrangements, and here Mr. Robert Newman does his part, and so we wish long life to the London Proms and continued good fortune to the co-operation of Mr. Robert Newman and Sir Henry Wood which has made possible thirty-two seasons of splendid, world-famous music-making.

WORDSWORTH

Only One Relative Living

There is now only one living relative of Wordsworth. He is Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, still living at Grasmere.

His sister, Mrs. Mair, granddaughter of the poet, has just died as the result of falling on a doorstep after attending service at Grasmere Church. She was 76, and was born six months before the death of Wordsworth.

AFRICAN STATE APPEALS TO GENEVA

ABYSSINIA'S COMPLAINT

Italy's Scheme for Joining up Two Colonies

THREE GREAT POWERS CONCERNED

A very uncomfortable situation has been created for Britain by a sudden appeal of Abyssinia to the League of Nations. Abyssinia is protesting against what she regards as undue pressure brought to bear upon her by Britain and Italy, who demand certain concessions.

When Abyssinia became a member of the League of Nations it was supposed that she had finally become an independent nation, and would no longer be in danger from the too-friendly attentions of European Powers whose African possessions join her frontiers. But that hope, says the Regent, Ras Tafari, has not been fulfilled. This is how the difficulty has arisen.

Great Engineering Works

The sources of the Blue Nile, of infinite importance to the Sudan and Egypt, are in the Abyssinian Highlands, and Britain is in negotiation for permission to undertake great engineering works for the regulation of the outflow of Lake Tsana, in Abyssinia, through which the Blue Nile flows.

But there is in existence an old Agreement of 1906 by which Britain, France, and Italy define their interests in Abyssinia, and, in spite of Abyssinia's accession to the League, Italy claims that under this old agreement Britain must secure the approval of Italy for any such plan.

An Exchange of Notes

So what is called an Exchange of Notes has taken place, by which Italy agrees to our scheme and we agree to certain developments on the Italian side of Abyssinia. Italy's colony of Eritrea on the Red Sea, and her colony of Somaliland on the Indian Ocean, are separated by French and British Somaliland in the Gulf of Aden, and Italy wants to join the two by a railway through Abyssinia. But France has a railway already, which such a railway would cross, between her port of Jibuti and Addis Abeba, the Abyssinian capital, so that she also claims to be consulted in the matter.

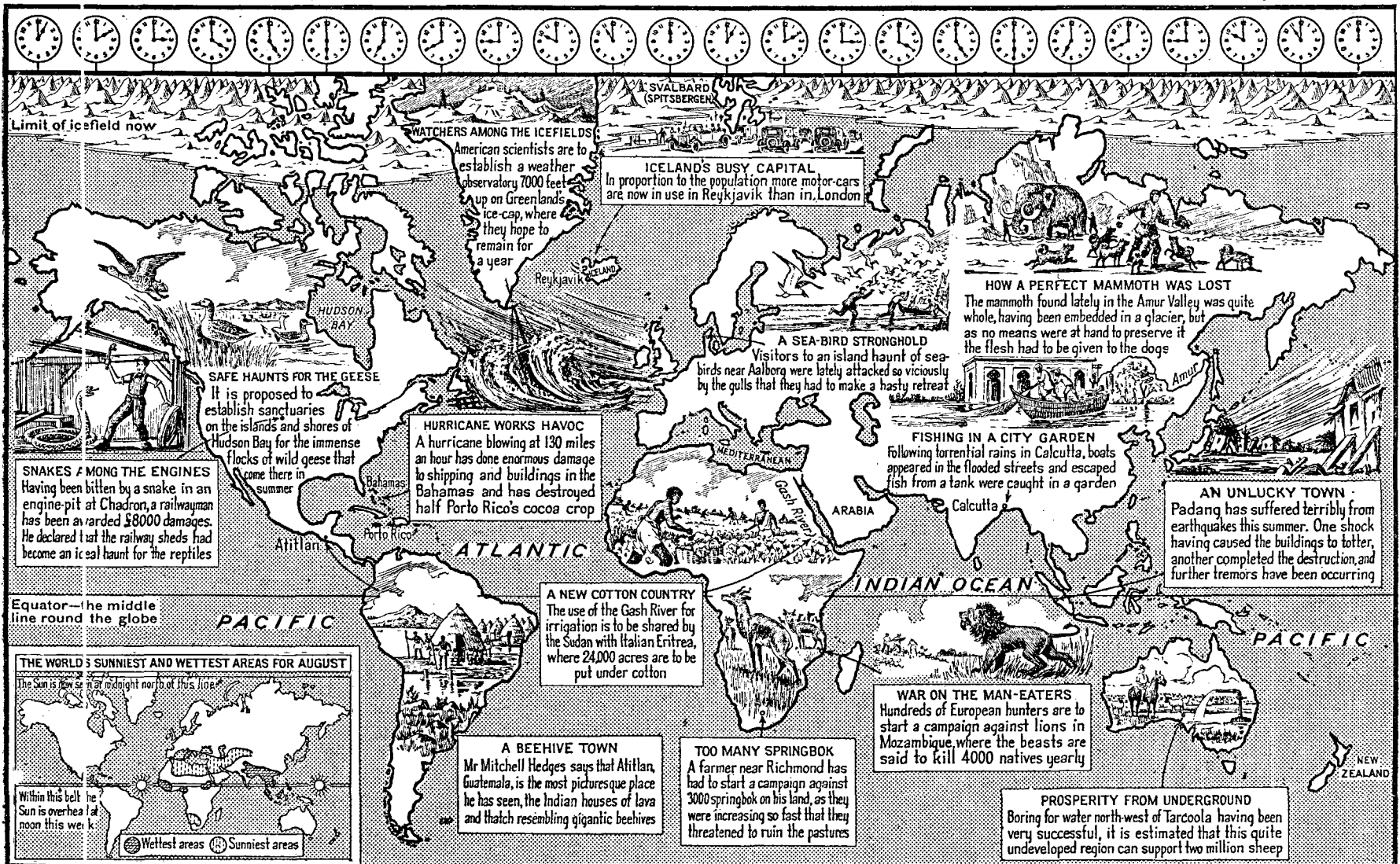
All this looks very much like an agreement among the "protecting" Powers for partitioning this independent member of the League into spheres of interest in the old manner that was fashionable before the days of the League; and, to make matters worse, Britain and Italy have sent a message to Abyssinia lumping their demands together and each asking that the other's requests as well as its own should be granted.

The Task for the League

It is against this joint message that Abyssinia has protested to the League. It asks Abyssinia's fellow-members whether they think that one of their number should be subjected to this kind of pressure, and invites their support in resisting it. Sir Austen Chamberlain has hastened to say that Britain has no idea of bringing pressure, which is making people wonder why in that case he joined up with Italy in the proposals he made. It is quite certain that, in face of Abyssinia's appeal, neither Britain nor Italy can now bring pressure, whether they want to do so or not.

When Abyssinia joined the League she promised that slavery should be ended in her borders, and she has not yet managed to end it. The League may find itself compelled to take action in this matter, and for that reason it is of the greatest importance that its attitude should be strictly correct and considerate to all concerned.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



RUWENZORI'S FLOWERS Blossoms Creeping Up

From Ruwenzori, the African mountain which rears its giant peak 17,000 feet above the steaming plain of Uganda and the Congo, a botanical expedition has just come back bringing plants and seeds of the vegetation which clothes its sides.

The tropical forests about its base give place to trees and plants that are known in temperate climes, and in the ravines and on the mountain shelves between 7,000 and 14,000 feet up are fields upon fields of lovely flowers. There are giant lobelias with spikes of blue flowers taller than an elephant, flowering trees 30 feet high, a heath with bell-like flowers, and a tree of Rose of Sharon with blossoms like flame. The Rose of Sharon tree is now in England. If only it will grow!

But as remarkable as the flowers that were found are those the botanists failed to find. At the greater heights of Ruwenzori they should have come among the glaciers to Alpine flowers, but nearly all that were expected were absent. The primula was not there nor the gentian. Only one sedum was found, and that, removed from its African home, died on the journey.

BRIDGING THE SEA Denmark's Achievement

One of the most wonderful railway journeys in Europe is that from Hamburg to Gothenburg by Copenhagen, when the train is carried on ferry steamers across the Little Belt, the Great Belt, and the Sound, and so crosses the mouth of the great Baltic Sea.

But now the Danish State Railways are planning to replace the ferry on the Little Belt by a railway bridge. The work will take ten years and is expected to cost 17 million pounds.

If Denmark can afford 17 millions to bridge the Little Belt surely London can afford ten millions to make a decent bridge across the Thames at Charing Cross?

A MAN BELOVED Africa Loses a Precious Life

One of the chief architects of the South African Union has just passed away in Mr. John Xavier Merriman, who has died on his beautiful farm near Stellenbosch, in Cape Province. He was a man high in the world's regard.

He stood for two things in South African politics, fair treatment for the natives and a good understanding between Briton and Boer.

A typical, cultivated Englishman, he found himself in conflict with his own fellow-countrymen more than once, and at the time of the South African War he fearlessly proclaimed his belief that Britain was wrong.

General Smuts says he was the greatest Parliamentarian South Africa has ever had, and when the war was over, and the time came for working out a new union of the races in a single South African State, his knowledge and experience, combined with the respect in which he was held on both sides, were of the greatest value. He was a true representative of all that is finest in the British Empire tradition, and one of the most beloved figures in South Africa.

SAD FATE OF BEES How Not to Deal with a Swarm

A large country house was within an ace of being burned down the other day through a gardener's misdirected efforts to get rid of a swarm of bees.

The bees had settled in the chimney of the gardener's thatched cottage, and he made a fire of straw to dislodge them. The bees were dislodged, but so was the straw. The draught carried it up the chimney, and it fell, blazing, on the thatch. The cottage was burned down, the glare being visible five miles away.

Charles Lamb's Chinaman burned down his house to roast a pig, but these poor little roasted bees would have been far more useful alive.

CANADA BEATING U.S.A. Growth of a Great Industry

In the marked return to real prosperity that is now being noticed in all parts of Canada the pulp and paper industry is playing a tremendous part.

Last year the exports of pulp products ranked second only to wheat, and the £20,000,000 they totalled will be far outstripped in 1926. The United States is the greatest market, and this year the Dominion's production will not only beat that of her great neighbour, but Canada is expected to sell the United States more pulp and paper than the United States produces.

Canada has a great economic advantage in this industry, and the men of vision who are guiding it have not been slow to make use of it. In twelve years the production increased from 300 thousand to 1,500 thousand tons; in 1926 the capacity is being greatly enlarged.

BATTLE BETWEEN COAL AND OIL

A University Campaign

A new building has just been opened for the study of oil problems at Birmingham University.

Practice in drilling for oil has been for some time carried out in the university by students who are training to become oil engineers. No oil is ever got, but fully-equipped outfits are erected, holes made, casing run, and all the operations of drilling for oil are carried out as if rich oil-wells lay beneath the university.

Some of the most valuable discoveries in the science of petroleum have already been made in Birmingham, and the new buildings will play an important part in the battle between coal and oil.

FASHION KILLING AN INDUSTRY Stockings and Dyes

The present fashion of wearing flesh-coloured stockings has had a remarkable effect on the dye industry.

When ladies wore mostly black stockings at least ten times more dyes were wanted, because it needs ten times as much dye to make a good black material as it does to make a light-coloured stuff.

In the days of black stockings six per cent of black dye was used with the silk, but today a half per cent of dye is enough to tint the silk. The present fashion of flesh-coloured stockings has been disastrous to the black dye industry because the demand for pink dyes has taken the place of the demand for black dyes only to the extent of about one-tenth. Much of the dress material being sold today is also of a light colour, requiring less dye than formerly, so that the present fashions have proved a bad enemy to the dye industry.

FATHER'S COLLEGE All the Family Go

Father, mother, son, and daughter all at one college at the same time is the happy state of affairs at the Louisiana Technical College in America.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Hale, wife of one of the professors at the college, received her B.A. degree at the same time as her son Cecil won his B.Sc. in engineering. Last year a daughter gained her degree at the college, and this year a second daughter expects to graduate.

Mrs. Hale has not allowed her studies to interfere with her household duties, which she has carried on as usual during her college career; but while her children are leaving to take up professional appointments this energetic mother will continue to work for her M.A. degree.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 21 1926

The Man Who Would Not Die

SOMEbody sends us a queer, true story which we must pass on.

It was in January, 1924, that Louis Kovach, of Aurora, in Minnesota, was admitted to hospital. He was pronounced incurable, and everyone expected that the burial service would be read over him in a week or two. In July, 1926, he was discharged from hospital, a healthy man.

As he lay on his sick bed in 1924 Mr. Kovach began a game with his brother, which was carried on by means of letter-post. Of course chess presents most intricate problems, and a game may last for a long time. This one lasted two and a half years. Often, when his strength was at its lowest ebb, Mr. Kovach would rally all his powers because he was determined to live till the post came and he knew his antagonist's next move. According to all the rules of science he should have died; only will-power kept him alive, and he could not have exercised it without the spur of excitement. In the end he beat his brother, and Death too.

What queer creatures we are! A man can leave the sea and the stars, the summer fields and the autumn woods, but cannot bear to leave a game of chess! Perhaps the reason is that when the body is very weak from illness, the spirit is too weary for great and sublime things, and then the wisest man is like a child and wants to be amused. Men who read philosophy when they are well read detective stories when they are ill. Men who play Beethoven when they are hale play chess when they are sick.

We should all have other interests besides our work. A hobby is a health insurance. It saves us from getting stale and narrow-minded. Even if it does not save our lives it will prevent us from thinking too much of our troubles, or saying we have "nothing to live for."

Some people dare to say that, yet the world is full of things they have not seen, books they have not read. It is a miserable and ungrateful mood, and we prefer the spirit of Nicholas Pasitch, the Grand Old Man of Yugo-Slavia, who says it is his ambition to see the marriage of the Crown Prince. We have looked him up and we find that Pasitch is well over eighty, while the Crown Prince is two and a half!

That is the spirit which will conquer all our misfortunes. It is the spirit which gets things done. We doubt whether any famous general, any great ruler, any beneficent reformer, has been a pessimist. The giants have always been people who loved life, and lived it to the full.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Surprise of the Countryside

Is there ever a day which does not bring its fresh delights in the countryside? For ourselves there never is. The other afternoon, in a little run of half an hour, we came upon three things we had never seen before:

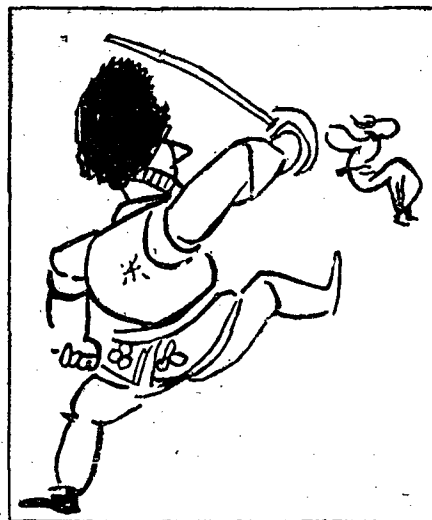
An ancient oak tree split and turned upside down to form a churchyard porch.

A church with ancient pillars made of solid chalk.

A cottage with a roof of clay.

But there came, alas, another surprise, for we heard a charming lady say, in her cottage in one of England's loveliest villages, that she longed to be back in London *for the quiet!*

It seems incredible. Yet so it was, for in the village her house is on the main road for cars, and in the city it is in a sheltered lane among the lawns of the Temple, where she can feel, after a week-end with the noise of the country traffic, that calm of London's peace which Wordsworth felt as he looked out when the very houses seemed asleep, and all that mighty heart was lying still.



A Japanese view of a War Man

Better and Better

THE country is going to the dogs, we hear. They must be very good dogs.

Somebody has been examining the court-martial records in the British Army, and has discovered that, whereas 426 men were convicted for drunkenness in 1913, only 248 were guilty of it in 1924. That is to say, there is an improvement of nearly fifty per cent.

The authorities say the change in the men is due to a change in the canteens. Once nothing but alcohol could be bought in an Army canteen; now everything is done to make the canteen a good restaurant and recreation place. Games are provided, and the place is gaily decorated; the canteen has become a club for decent men. It is good; it will be better when every parish has something of the sort to offer weary men in exchange for a miserable gin palace.

The Price of a Book

HAVE you ever thought that books are dear? You are right.

Yet the publisher is not a profiteer. He has had many trade troubles of late, and even when there is no trouble in his own trade he is the first man to be hit if there is trouble in another, because people do not buy books when times are bad. A publisher said to us the other day: "Out of the last eleven months I have had to go through nine strike months."

Perhaps books are really cheaper than they seem. They give us the highest form of pleasure, and they wear well. The money has to be divided among author, publisher, printer, bookseller, papermaker, packer, and transport workers, and when we think of all this a book seems to us to be one of the cheapest things in England.

Tip-Cat

WE are said to be on the verge of a new golden age. So our ills may all be cured by a sovereign remedy.

WHY is the price of antiques so high? Simply because time is money.

WE are told it is a good plan to have a small leather money-bag. It is a better plan to have money to put in it.

THE critic's life is said to be as unnatural as that of the tea-taster.

The leaves he turns over, however, are not tea leaves.

THE modern man thinks for himself. And of himself.

BELLS have a strange power over us. They certainly make a sort of appeal to us.

How far do authors owe their inspiration to a right choice of food? Well, most modern essayists owe much to Lamb and Bacon.

A clock that plays a piece of music every hour is on show in Vienna. It is said to keep excellent time.

THE man who recently swallowed a gas-mantle is expected to become a shining light in society.

Net Loss

By Our Country Girl

I lost an hour the other day,
An hour—and nothing left to show!
Two children coaxed me out to play
Because the fields were sweet with hay.
In vain I said a solemn No:
I lost an hour of work and pay.

A wondrous course those two did steer.
Like butterflies, from flower to flower,
We rambled, laughing, far and near;
The summer sky was blue and clear:
I lost in work and pay an hour;
I gained in happiness a year.

Only Two Sides

CLEAN falls the blade, unerring
its precision,
Straight lies the line across the
ways of man;
Thus hath He made the one
supreme division:
Those who are for, and those
against, His plan.

OURS not to judge within each
warring section,
Ours not to weigh how better
or how worse,
Ours but to make within our
hearts election
Either to serve the Blessing or
the Curse.

SOME by a thought the wrong
are ever righting,
Some by a smile give evil
strength to stand:
Judge but yourself—on which
side are you fighting?
Whose is the sword that
trembles in your hand?

WHAT if you fall? With God is
the decision:
What if you fail? No failure
can destroy
So long, O Soul, as in the great
division
You are with those who sing
the hymn of joy.

UP, brother, up: the end was
long decided;
In Him we conquer Who hath
willed it thus;
Torn, pierced, defeated, we are
undivided
From Him Who loved and
gave Himself for us. H. B.

The Owl and the Black Cat

WHILE the Egyptian Chamber was sitting the other day an owl flew into the hall. Because owls are held to be birds of ill omen the sitting was suspended!

Most people will laugh at such news, but many of these people will touch wood if you say they look well, will refuse to take a house if its number is thirteen, and will wear a mascot to bring them luck. They are not one bit more civilised than the Egyptian politicians who were afraid of an owl.

The man who dangles a stuffed doll in the window of his motor-car is doing precisely what the Egyptian Parliament did when it adjourned in fear of an owl.

It does not seem possible that anyone with a brain can believe that they can alter the course of Destiny by tying a toy cat to a bicycle, or that they can win a game of tennis by carrying a black doll about with them. Yet that is what these silly customs mean. Those who do these things cannot have stopped to think. No one who had thought for a moment could imagine that the Universe is ruled by a troop of demons who will punish you if you do not propitiate them by stroking black cats, touching wood, avoiding ladders, or throwing salt over your left shoulder.

Let us leave the black cats alone and use our reason.

August 21, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

A LOVE GAME HOW MONEY IS CREEPING INTO IT

An Item of News Which Has
Set the Tennis Courts Buzzing
WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

Some of the news spreads by wireless and some flickers from continent to continent by the deep-sea cables; but there was one piece of news which flashed everywhere this month because it was world-news. It was that Suzanne Lenglen, the lawn-tennis player, had become a professional!

That was an item of information which set playing-fields buzzing everywhere. On the other side of the world, on the courts of Tokyo or the sun-baked tennis grounds of Buenos Aires, in Manila and Melbourne, in Barcelona and Cape Town, on the steamy West Coast of Africa and in the moist heat of Hong Kong, men and women stopped and talked of it between the sets, and almost forgot to go on.

A Wonder on the Courts

Such a world-wide interest was an extraordinary tribute to the young lady who seemed only a few years ago to have been a clever French girl whom everybody petted and who was said to promise to be a wonder on the courts.

Our people were delighted when she came to England the year after the war was over. She beat Mrs. Lambert Chambers and, though most tennis players were sorry to see our champion lose, everybody had a good word for the pluck and skill of the French girl. It is not so long ago, but how far away it seems! In those days it was the simplest thing to see the contests at Wimbledon by paying at the gates.

The Great Change

Paying at the gates—it is that simple proceeding which has been the cause of the great change that has come over lawn tennis. These changes are greater than all that went before in the fifty years since tennis became a game. It has grown up at a great pace. It became a game fit for heroes. It sent croquet retiring to secluded corners of the lawn.

The time came when wherever the Englishman went he packed his racket with his kit, and he found that the people he visited were far handier with it than they had been with the cricket bat. Cricket might be a national game, but lawn tennis became international almost before we had noticed what was happening. First America offered a Davis Cup for competition, and when America puts up a Cup it is seldom for sale; America thinks she can keep it.

The Ball Set Rolling

She was nearly right, but not quite, for about this time enthusiasm for lawn tennis in England, which had lost some of its first fervour, was kindled again by a new school of players led by the young Dohertys, and America's struggles to keep her Cup stirred up the rest of the world to take notice. It brought young Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding from Australia and New Zealand, and one autumn day a tall stripling from France, André Gobert, suddenly appeared on an English court to show that France could play too!

Now the ball was really set rolling. Even the war could not stop it, though it killed a British champion and imprisoned a German one. As soon as that cruel interregnum was over lawn tennis resumed its sway, and it soon was shown that its kingdom was world wide. First a Spaniard appeared at Wimbledon and with him a Japanese, and both were within a few games of carrying off the championship. A South African in the same year was within a point of it. Each year some new nation has come to the championship tribunal—Holland, Belgium, Italy, Rumania,

A RUMOUR GOOD ENOUGH TO BE TRUE

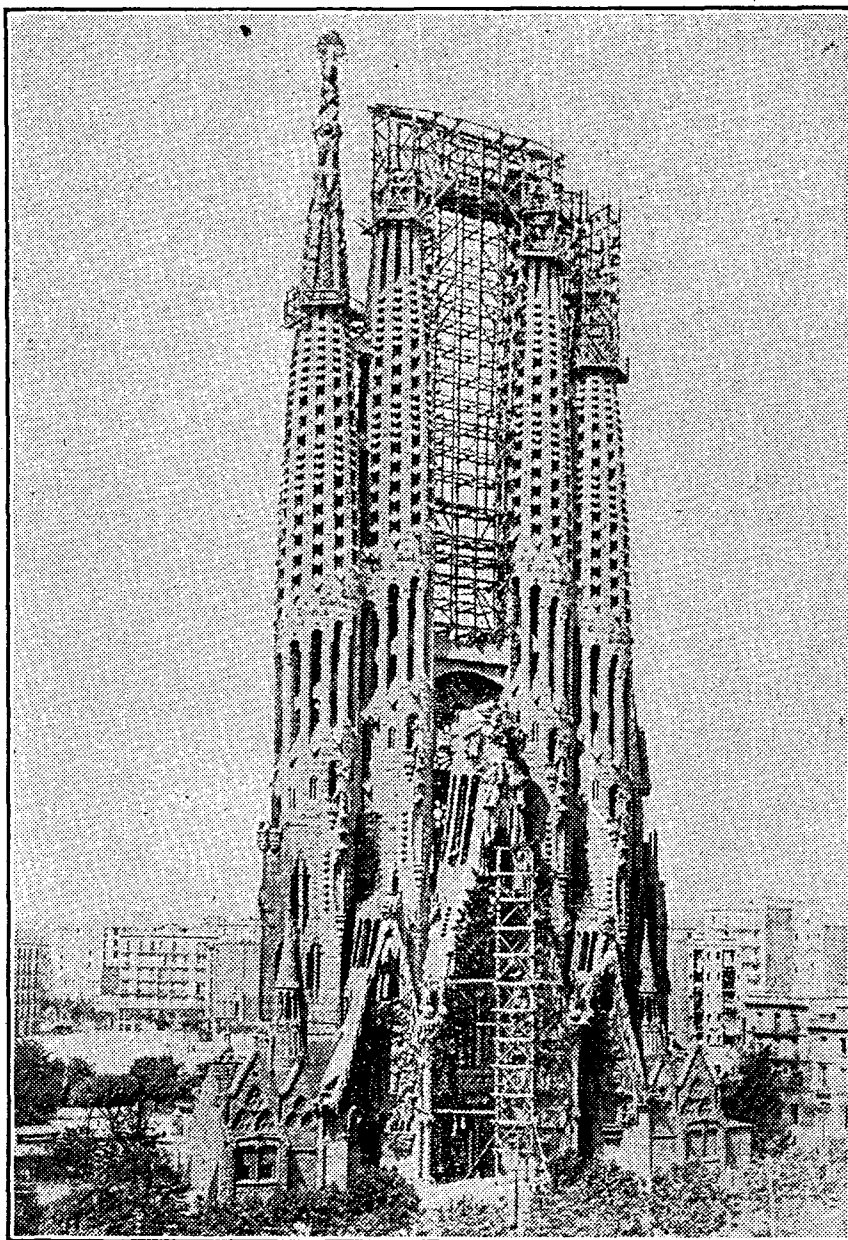
MANY of the utterances of Signor Mussolini have seemed to show so much liking for war that it is pleasant to hear of serious efforts as peacemaker on his part.

We earnestly hope for the truth of the rumour that the Italian Prime Minister has set to work to secure an understanding between Russia and Rumania. It is said that he has succeeded in arranging a meeting in Rome between M. Chicherin, the Russian Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, and General Averescu, Rumania's new Prime Minister, at which he hopes to

persuade them to make a treaty between their two countries for the peaceful settlement of all disputes.

One of the gravest grounds of quarrel remaining in Europe is the possession of Bessarabia, lying on the borders of these two States. After the war it passed from Russia to Rumania, who claims that the bulk of its people are her kin. Russia claims that it includes wholly Russian districts, and that its people would in any case rather be under a Republic than under a Monarchy. If a way can be found of settling the quarrel we shall all be thankful.

BARCELONA'S NEW CATHEDRAL



The strange-looking building seen here in course of erection is a new cathedral at Barcelona, Spain. It was designed by a Catalan architect, Antonio Gaudi, who was killed in a recent street accident in Barcelona. The four slender spires will make a conspicuous landmark for all visitors to the famous old city.

Austria, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, India, and China. There were nineteen nations last year who entered the Lawn Tennis League for the Davis Cup.

What a fine thing this game, begun on an English lawn, had done for the world when that came about! It had taught people of all nations that they were alike in being children at heart, because they must have games to play, and here was one they could all play together. When Lenzo Shimidzu, from Japan, cries Play! he plays just the same game as Manuel Alonso, from Spain. The lawn tennis of Tilden, from America, is the same as the lawn tennis of Wu, from China, or Sleem, from India, or Borotra, from France. One may play better or worse, but there are no national differences.

There is only one fly in the ointment. While the game was played for the sake of the game it brought the right people together, but when the money paid at the gate began to mount up the money

began to put people apart. The game threatened to become a business with profits for somebody, and the chalk-line between those who played it for pleasure and those who made something out of it became very much worn.

Mademoiselle Lenglen has now boldly and honestly stepped over the line. She has come within sight of effective challenge of her long championship, and seems to have found that she is by temperament unequal to the strain of keeping it. She has given up her amateur status and so cannot play again at Wimbledon unless all the rules of tennis are altered, and nobody can say at the moment what may happen. Mademoiselle Lenglen has been paid a high price; will other players follow her example and compete with her? We shall see; and it may change the face of the whole world of lawn tennis.

So has the money side crept into this great and glorious game; let us hope it will not spoil it all.

A LAND WITH ALL CHURCHES CLOSED WHAT IS HAPPENING IN MEXICO

The Age-Old Quarrel Between
Church and State

THE UNHAPPY POOR PEOPLE

The age-old quarrel between Church and State has been unhappily revived with great bitterness in Mexico.

All Church property has been nationalised and the expulsion of all foreign priests and clergymen has been ordered. The bishops have retaliated by putting Mexico under what is called an Interdict. Pope Innocent III did the same thing to England in his quarrel with our wretched King John.

The Mexican Government says that all the priests have to do is to register themselves as tenants of the State, when they can continue their work as before if they are Mexican born, but the Church has refused to allow them to do this, and has ordered that all public religious services shall cease.

People Killed by Soldiers

Thousands of poor people, believing terrible things would happen to them if the services were stopped, crowded into the churches and refused to leave them. In some places women and children were suffocated in the crowd, and in other places people were killed by soldiers called in to disperse the crowds.

The violence of the new campaign is only to be understood by remembering the unhappy history of the country.

During the three hundred years when Mexico was a Spanish colony, and for several decades afterwards, the Roman Catholic Church was supreme. It controlled education, taxed industries, and shaped the policy of Government. The Inquisition was only finally suppressed in 1820. As late as 1859 the Church owned a third of the land and personal wealth of the whole Republic, and for fifty years after the revolution which freed Mexico from Spain the Church sided with the privileged classes and centralised despotism against the supporters of republicanism and local government.

Revival of Old Feuds

It was only in 1855 that the clergy and the army were brought together under the authority of the ordinary courts of the land, instead of having courts of their own. In two years the toleration of all religions began. In 1859 Church property was nationalised, education was freed from clerical control, convents and monasteries were closed, and the clergy were forbidden to take any part in politics.

During the long peace under the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz these restrictions became largely a dead letter, and the clergy were left in possession; but with the revival of the old feuds the old intolerance returned on both sides, and by the Constitution of 1917 the old disabilities were renewed. Ministers of religion were forbidden to appear in public in cassock or surplice, or to hold services outside church buildings, or to possess property as a body, or to vote or take part in politics.

Memories of Tyranny

And now, with the democratic party in full control, these laws are being enforced. In particular it is required that priests and ministers of all denominations shall be Mexican-born citizens, and that those who are not shall be arrested and deported. This last provision doubtless arises from memories of the old Spanish tyranny, but also from jealousy of the growing influence of the United States, whence missionaries and teachers have been sent in increasing numbers by Protestant Churches.

Thus this unhappy movement is in part anti-clerical and in part anti-foreign, and the Roman Catholic regards it as anti-religious also, though that is strongly denied.

A LESSON FROM THE EAST

Board of Education
Please Copy

NEXT YEAR'S ECLIPSE

At the time when the eclipse of the Sun threw its shadow over Java and Sumatra this year all the children in the schools of those two gorgeous islands of the Far East were given special cards on which was printed a description of the eclipse, what it would be like, and when and how it would come.

In the middle of the card was a little hole covered with blackened photographic film through which the children—and their parents, to be sure—could look at the Sun when the Moon began to shut its disc from sight. As things turned out it was a most successful eclipse as seen from Sumatra and Java, and the Javanese and Sumatran boys and girls now know more, by experience, of total eclipses of the Sun than any happy English child!

In England Next June

Perhaps next year the position will be changed. A total eclipse of the Sun will be visible in England next June 29 about 6.24 in the morning, Summer Time. It will last about 24 seconds, but if all the schoolchildren who are able to see it can get to the right place at the right time they will have something to talk about for the rest of their lives, and to tell their grandchildren! The central line of the eclipse runs from Criccieth through Colwyn Bay, Southport, Settle, Richmond (Yorkshire), Darlington, and Hartlepool, and for fifteen miles on either side of that line it will appear as a total eclipse. We have no doubt that hundreds of thousands of children will be among the excursionists who will get up to see it—all, we hope, provided with the little card with the darkened hole in it, so that they may gaze at the rarest spectacle in a lifetime without hurt to their eyes.

KNOW THYSELF

Gloucester's Example to All Counties

The public library of Gloucester, helped by the Carnegie Trust, is about to publish a catalogue of 1200 pages of books, pamphlets, and documents relating to Gloucestershire. This fine county record has been gradually collected during the last 25 years.

Know thyself is an act of wisdom which applies to places and regions as well as to men. To study what is around you and what has been there is a fine beginning for wider knowledge, and Gloucester is setting an admirable example in cataloguing for her inquiring people all her local records. She is fostering a pride that is genuinely good, and we should like to see every county follow her example and build up a County Library.

SPOONFULS OF GAS

A Rare Cargo by Air

The romantic journey of a tablespoonful each of two rare gases is told in a brief paragraph in a scientific journal.

Mr. C. Cuthbertson, F.R.S., wanted a small quantity (twenty cubic centimetres) of two rare gases, krypton and xenon, and as they are very difficult to obtain he appealed to brother scientists through the medium of our weekly friend Nature.

He received many sympathetic replies, and the two gases were offered to him by M. Lepape of the College of France. The krypton and xenon have now safely arrived in London, having come by aeroplane!

A TWILIGHT RIDE IN AFRICA

The Lorry Man and the Lions

A C.N. reader in Nyasaland sends us this little note of an adventure there.

By the Trans-Zambesi Railway, especially where it cuts through the Shupanga Forest, it is not considered locally healthy to wander after dark. You never know what other form of life is wandering in search of a meal.

At Inhaminga a white man arrived with his motor-lorry to lift some bags of maize. Darkness was falling, and he wasted no time in loading, keeping a sharp look-out. He had not gone far on his homeward way when a lion and lioness bounded from the bush at the side of the track and kept pace with him, appearing and disappearing. Then the lion alone ran on, and the man was wondering what had become of the lioness when—horror upon horror!—a blow on his back pushed him over. The lorry stopped, the lights went out, and the man lay where he fell.

What happened next? *Nothing.* Half dead with fright, the man at last awoke to the fact that it was no lion on his back but one of his bags of maize that had fallen! He started the lorry again, and, thankful to be alive, arrived at his destination.

COOPERATIVE ANTS

Helping One Another in the Insect World

A Sussex reader sends us the following interesting observation of the power of ants to communicate with each other and to arrange mutual helpfulness.

The observer noticed two ants trying busily to push a live wireworm along a garden path in a direction they had fixed on. For a little while they moved it by slow degrees. Then, when the path sloped upward, all their exertions could not move it.

After trying vainly for a while one of the ants went away. The observer thought the ant had "given it up as a bad job," but stayed to watch what the other ant would do. The ant that stayed kept poking the wireworm this way and that, preventing its getting away. This went on for some minutes.

Then back came the other ant with two companions, and the four joined forces and pushed the wireworm up the little incline and into a hole at the end of the path.

It was more than a case of perseverance rewarded. It showed pre-arrangement, power of explaining what was wanted, and cooperation.

LEAGUE BOOKS

Over 300 in English

The League of Nations has been making a list of all the books written about the League itself during the last five years, and the figures are specially interesting to speakers of English.

Up to last year the number of books written about the League was 732. Of these 305 are in English, 194 in French, and 120 in German. The rest are divided between 16 other languages. Portuguese, Hungarian, and Czech have each two volumes. Chinese, Finnish, and Latvian have each one volume.

Are not these figures an index to the progress English is making toward becoming the international language of the world?

Pronunciations in This Paper

Amur	Ah-moor
Eritrea	Ay-re-tray-ah
Jibuti	Je-boo-te
Reykjavik	Ray-kyah-vik
Ruvenzori	Roo-wen-zo-re
Xenon	Zen-on

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A new California church has built its spire in the form of a lighthouse.

Goats are often driven over the ploughed fields in the Nile Valley to break up the clods.

Should Cats Be Taxed?

The R.S.P.C.A. favours the suggestion that cats should be taxed.

Only Four Hundred

It was stated at a conference of the Museums Association the other day that Britain has about 400 museums.

A Sensible Window

We came across an excellent device the other day—a window which permits you to wash the outside from the inside.

Backward Banana Trees

Banana trees planted 13 years ago in Avery Park Palm Court, Eltham, by the London County Council have not borne fruit yet.

Donkey's Ears

A Vienna scientist declares that the noise of modern city life is resulting in the ears of the human race becoming steadily larger.

Artificial Milk

A Danish factory is to make milk from vegetable fats, to which vitamins will be added to give the product the character of fresh milk.

Ten Thousand Messages a Day

Ten thousand messages a day pass through one floor of the Threadneedle Street Post Office in London.

Australia's Pension Roll

In Australia there are now 111,406 old age pensioners, and 41,901 invalid pensioners, who receive the sum of 35 shillings fortnightly.

News-Paper

The United States last year consumed nearly three million tons of news-paper, about half of which came from Canada, while Britain consumed 650,000 tons.

The Road Peril

In taking a census of a hundred road accidents the Ministry of Transport has proved that at least 87 of them could have been avoided.

The Camera as Explorer

The whole province of Quebec, an area of more than 700,000 square miles, is shortly to be surveyed from aeroplanes by photography.

A Brute and His Horse

To punish his horse and urge it on a man actually lighted a fire under it, and the poor animal was severely burned. The man was sent to prison for two months.

A Famous Phrase

Somebody has reminded us that one of the poems of Walt Whitman contains the words *The unknown soldier's grave*, probably the first use of a phrase now so familiar to us all.

Animal or Vegetable Clothing?

Experiments in Chicago suggest that silk or wool shields the skin from the Sun better than cotton or linen, animal fibres absorbing more of the Sun's rays than vegetable fibres.

Biggest Shakespeare Library

During the last twelve months nearly 400 books on Shakespeare were added to the Birmingham Shakespeare Memorial Library, the largest Shakespeare library in the world.

America's Energy

It has been calculated that 87 per cent of the energy used in the United States is derived from coal, oil, and gas. Four per cent comes from water, and only three per cent from working animals.

One Way of Selling Newspapers

One of the finest gifts ever made to Australian education has been announced in the will of the late Sir Winthrop Hackett, who has left two newspaper properties to be sold for the benefit of Perth University and the Anglican Church.

THE WORRIED WAITER

The Misery of a Stroke of Luck

From a Correspondent in Paris

There is a waiter in Paris whose fellow-citizens account him the most fortunate of men, which is why they have been making life unbearable for him.

And yet to inherit a fortune of forty million francs from a long-lost brother in America would not seem to be the greatest of misfortunes. This is what has happened to our humble friend, and ever since the news was made public he has been driven to distraction by the hordes of people who want to tell him what to do with his money, not a franc of which he has yet received, or is likely to receive for some time to come.

Such a nuisance did these unwelcome callers and correspondents become that the poor man took another name in another café; but the lynx-eyed reporters of the French capital found out his hiding-place in a seaside town, and his worries are now worse than ever.

It is not likely that the waiter will find much consolation in the fact that what happened to him has already formed the plot of a well-known play from the pen of M. Tristan Bernard, who predicted and imagined a precisely similar situation.

BANDITS IN THE WAY

A Naturalist's Adventures in China

Western China offers a mine of treasure to the student of history, but the collector must be venturesome and prepared for exciting adventures.

Five new kinds of reptiles, eighteen kinds of flies and birds, and between 100 and 200 new kinds of moths and butterflies are included among thousands of rare specimens sent from Szechwan to the Smithsonian Institution by Mr. David C. Graham.

Mr. Graham is a volunteer collector who for six years has been working in that part of China. During this time bandits have forced him to flee for his life, superstition has driven him from rich collecting fields, and he has skirted precipices with nothing but a three-foot path between him and a 6000-foot drop.

As to superstition, Mr. Graham had opportunities for studying Chinese burial customs, such as the interment of sacrificial objects with the dead. At one time it was customary to kill servants in order that they might serve their dead master in the spirit world. Then sculptured heads of clay were substituted, and when glazing was introduced from the West the heads were glazed, as were models of chickens and other animals. Later, paper money was also buried with the dead, and now, it seems, the use of paper models has become general.

A CITY AGAINST A CONTINENT

Chicago and the Great Lakes

A curious question of much importance is now occupying the attention of the United States and Canada on the one side and the City of Chicago on the other.

Chicago has been drawing water from Lake Michigan to such an extent that the level of the Great Lakes has been lowered seven inches in some places.

This is contrary to agreements made between the United States Government and Canada, and is harmful to all the States of North America and to Canada. But the city has been able, by use of the law's delay, to put off a settlement of the question for 15 years. Now the American Supreme Court has decided against the city, but up to the present the city has not altered its consumption of lake water.

It is a case of defiance of a whole continent by a single city.

A MATCHLESS SCHOOL BOOK THE NEW TREVELYAN HISTORY

Vivid Picture of Our Country
by Macaulay's Nephew

OUR WONDROUS PAST

History of England. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

Every fifty years the history of each country should be written afresh in one volume for all to read. And every school should have the book when it is written.

Fifty years have passed since John Richard Green published his fine Short History of the English People, a real history of the mass of the people and not merely the showy doings of their kings. Since then the study of history has been widespread and intense, and much knowledge has been brought to light. Search has been busy with every period; and comparison, reflection, and controversy have revealed more clearly what has been of great importance in the past. Now Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has written the very book we need.

Story of the British People

Into this book of 723 pages, with its 36 maps, Mr. Trevelyan has put what he thinks is most vital; and he has made up his mind after an immense range of study, old and new. He has had no partisan aims. His purpose has been to show how the life of British people, from first to last, has been a gradual development, through changes that have often seemed setbacks to what now are seen to be clear advantages. It is a chequered, enthralling story of things working out for good in the long run through much tribulation.

Mr. Trevelyan is a genuine historian by inheritance and by practice. A son of the biographer of Lord Macaulay, he is a great-nephew of England's most dazzling historian, Macaulay himself. Already he has published notable studies of great periods of English history, biographies of English statesmen, and the best books in English on the liberation of modern Italy. His latest volume, this English History, is one that cannot be left unread by any thoughtful student of our country's story.

Judgment and Literary Skill

The most striking features of the book are the comprehensive survey it gives from the earliest peopling of the British Islands to the end of the Great War; the fairness of mind with which all phases of our history are put before us; the freshness of judgment with which many questions are discussed; and the literary skill which brings vividly before us stirring scenes and great characters. Mr. Trevelyan never tries to be a brilliant writer, yet his work abounds in fine passages, which fit naturally the moving events and fascinating personalities he pictures.

The History is not an elementary outline. It supposes that the reader has a general knowledge of the main events in our country's story. What it does is to trace historical consequences, showing what really mattered to the country generally, and why.

The Beloved Bully

It is written for the thoughtful student. To him no part of it will be dull. It will have all the freshness of life, newly viewed. It should be read as a stimulant by everyone who teaches or studies history. Also it has the advantage of putting the reader at the standpoint of new knowledge while he is making up his mind about old problems.

As an example of Mr. Trevelyan's breezy style of sketching a historical character we may quote his pen picture of William Cobbett. He points out that

FLOATING ISLANDS IN THE ATLANTIC

A Vision of Future
Air Travel

PLYMOUTH TO NEW YORK IN FIFTEEN HOURS

The idea of an aeroplane express service between Europe and America, with floating platforms as stations in mid-Atlantic, is attracting interest.

Mr. E. R. Armstrong, of Philadelphia, has been showing models for such a scheme to the American army, navy, and air authorities. He claims that his floating platforms would be perfectly stable even in the wildest storm. He would have eight of them, each with a surface of a hundred acres. They would stand out of the water on pillars above the highest possible waves, but their bases, on which the pillars would be erected and which would be far the bulkiest part of the islands, would be right below the range of wave disturbance.

Cables Three Miles Long

The island bases would be chained to buoys fastened below the wave-line by huge cables to anchors weighing 12,500 pounds each. The cables in the deepest part of the Atlantic would have to be three miles long to reach the bottom. Tests with models in Mr. Armstrong's experimental lake have impressed the experts. Waves which sank a model of the Majestic hardly rocked the model islands, and their anchors remained perfectly steady.

Passengers would alight on the islands and take meals or sleep in hotels built on them while the aeroplanes were re-fuelling; or, if pressed for time, they might skip from an arriving to a departing plane, and it is calculated that by this means, with a favourable wind, the journey from Plymouth to New York could be made in about fifteen hours.

"When the scheme is complete," says Mr. Armstrong, "the ordinary business man will not be able to afford to travel by steamships, even if they carry him free."

The inventor calculates that 40 aeroplanes would do the work of one Majestic. He would begin with a fleet of 120, to which must be added the necessary fuelling and rescue ships.

Continued from the previous column

by demanding the vote for all working people Cobbett revived their interest in politics. Then he continues:

William Cobbett was the old-fashioned John Bull, a lover of the past and of the sweet-smelling countryside, of the yeoman and the plough and the thatched cottage.

When he saw, or thought he saw, the ancient rights of Englishmen being stolen from them, he rushed noisily to the rescue. His Political Register was read aloud to illiterate audiences under the hedgerow and in the workshop; and even the "respectable" sometimes read the rascal for his shrewd hitting, laughed and cursed his impudence, and rode off thinking on what they had read. In this way the upper world first got a glimpse of the life and sufferings of the poor.

Judge, then, how the poor loved him, when everyone else seemed to them to have entered into a conspiracy to rob, oppress, and vilify them. A bully was needed to stand up against that host of conscious and unconscious bullies. Old England, the passing of the yeoman and the alehouse on the heath, produced as a last effort this unchallengeable bully, with no touch of cowardice in his vast bulk and, when out of the ring, no malice.

Not only does Mr. Trevelyan picture for us the great tidal movements of history which intimately affect from age to age the welfare of the whole nation, but it will be seen that he can, in a few words, set in our midst the men who have swayed the thoughts of their fellows through the ages in which our country has come to be what it is.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

Tycho Brahe Watches the
Heavens

On August 21, 1560, occurred the eclipse of the Sun which made Tycho Brahe an astronomer.

The attention of the public had been long fixed on a great eclipse of the Sun, which was to happen on the 21st of August, 1560; and as in those days a phenomenon of this kind was linked with the destinies of nations as well as of individuals, the interest it excited was as intense as it was general.

Tycho watched its arrival with peculiar anxiety. He read the astrological diaries of the day, in which its phases and its consequences were described; and when he saw the Sun darkened at the very moment that had been predicted, and to the very extent that had been delineated, he resolved to make himself master of a science which was capable of predicting future events, and especially those branches of it which connected these events with the fortunes and destinies of man.

When he had scarcely reached his thirtieth year he was established, by the kindness and liberality of his sovereign, in the most splendid observatory that had ever been erected in Europe.

As a practical astronomer Tycho has not been surpassed by any observer of ancient or modern times. The splendour and number of his instruments, the ingenuity he exhibited in inventing new ones and improving and adding to those formerly known, and his skill and assiduity as an observer have given a character to his labours, and a value to his observations, which will be appreciated to the latest posterity.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER

AMERICA BEHIND THE TIMES

One Good Thing About Us

Poor old Europe, very poor by the side of the prosperous United States, can yet beat America in something; it has better soil.

Mr. Whitney, of the U.S. Bureau of Agriculture, admits it. He says that America is a hundred years behind Europe in its yield of crops to the acre.

The reason is easy to find. The European soils are like the Oxford lawns, which the old gardener said had been brought to perfection by rolling them for a hundred years or two, and then mowing them for another hundred years or two, and then rolling them again. The European farmer, bound to his soil by his labour and his poverty, has ploughed it and sown it and harrowed it, and then done this all over again for a thousand years; so that if he has a little impoverished the soil in the process, and seldom got rich on it himself, at any rate he knows how to get the best out of it.

Necessity and climate have made the German farmer, the Dutch farmer, the French farmer, each in his own way the best in the world, and the British farmer is not far behind.

WHERE THE C.N. GOES

One of the most interesting features of the C.N. is the remoteness and unexpectedness of the places where it is welcomed.

It is not too much to say that there is no part of the world where English is understood, or is being taught, that is outside its sphere of influence. Here is an illustration in a note from the Transvaal.

A short time ago I came across an incident which I felt would interest you. I had occasion to visit a farm far out on the veld. It was ten miles from anywhere. The house was built of grass sods, plastered inside and out with mud. When I was shown into my bedroom I found a surprise awaiting me, for the walls were completely covered with pictures from the C.N. and the Children's Pictorial.

A JOURNEY TO THE MILKY WAY TRAVELLING ON A BEAM OF LIGHT

Thousands of Years to See
Millions of Suns

WHAT LIES BEYOND OUR UNIVERSE

By the C.N. Astronomer

During the dark evenings that are coming and in the absence of the Moon, a further exploration of the starry depths of Hercules will become possible.

A star map and description of this region appeared in the C.N. for August 7, so it may be readily found almost overhead as soon as it is dark. On this map the position was shown of the great star cluster Messier 13. This is one of the many marvels which come just within reach of our vision.

On a very dark, clear night a faintly luminous spot like a misty star can be seen at the place indicated between Eta and Zeta. Field-glasses will make this quite easy to find.

Now, to get some idea of what we are actually gazing upon let us travel toward it, with our mind's eye, on the fastest thing that travels, a wave of light. Let us imagine ourselves speeding upward at 186,330 miles a second.

In four hours we shall have passed beyond the known limits of the solar



The great star cluster of Messier 13 as it appears in field-glasses

system, with Neptune's orbit far below, us and the Sun, like a bright star, in our rear. The glories of the heavens will now be with us always, the constellations still bearing their familiar aspect, although in that short four hours we have travelled over 2000 million miles; then far out into that great beyond, leaving our Sun and the twin suns of Alpha Centauri and those of Sirius far behind; while Altair, the bright star away to the east, grows brighter.

In 14 years this great sun is passed, and in 30 years Eta, Zeta, and Pi in Hercules also. After passing between these the magnificence of Vega will surpass all else; but five years later this great sun will have passed to the rear, and our Sun become scarcely visible as a fifth-magnitude star.

Then for hundreds and hundreds of years we shall travel onward above star streams of increasing splendour as we get nearer to the sun-bespangled regions of the Milky Way, passing between the two great suns shown as faint stars in the star map above.

A Sparkling Ring of Light

Between three and five thousand years will be occupied by our "beam of light" carrying us across, but far above, these radiant realms.

But some 10,000 years or so after leaving that microscopic and long-lost speck the Earth the outlying suns and vast, dark nebulae of our Universe will be passed and left behind, it then appearing as a colossal spiral whose radiating arms almost meet to form a severed ring of light sparkling with 700 million suns.

With this glorious spectacle behind us, and occupying nearly half the sky, there in front will be another starry host, a spherical mass of millions of suns, more and more coming into view as we approach—a veritable Universe, the Cluster Messier 13. But at least another 25,000 years will be required to reach it, though we shall endeavour to do so, in thought, next week. G. F. M.

Other Worlds.—In the morning Venus in the east with Mercury below her. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter south, and Mars east at midnight.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 41 The Last Throw

ANOTHER day had come and was declining when the hour for which Fruppeny had been waiting struck. That morning the schooner had glided back to her moorings; Lapp's limping step had sounded soon after noon; there had followed much coming and going between vessel and house; and now Fruppeny caught the rasp of the key in his door, and Hatz, looking pale and uneasy, beckoned him forth and led him to the big room fronting the sea.

The eyes of Lapp were implacable as they surveyed him. Outside the dusk was falling, the sea's plaint was softer—as always it hushed for a space at the hour of dusk—and in twos and threes the gulls had begun to wheel homeward. Within the newly-lighted lamp drove the shadows into the corners, and nothing was audible save the heavy tick of the clock and the flutterings of a moth which thudded the ceiling or bruised its wings against the lamp's porcelain shade.

In this unnerving stillness Fruppeny waited, while the gaze of Lapp probed him through and through.

In moments of crisis the brain releases queer memories. And now involuntarily there stole into Fruppeny's mind how Hatz had professed that the lame man would sit with drawn blinds because his eyes were weak. Those awful eyes weak? No; Lapp's blinds had been drawn to keep peering faces out while he made his last desperate effort upon the code, lest he, Fruppeny, should have returned without noise from his stroll and by a chance glance through the window descried his employment.

As so oddly Fruppeny's mind drifted off at that tangent the voice he dreaded leaped out at him from its ambush:

"I warn you, Smith. The time's gone for trifling. Now, what are those key words?" And Lapp gestured his colleague to take up pencil and paper.

Fruppeny answered firmly: "I am not your Smith."

He had sprung his mine. He was ready for its effect. He was bracing himself for the fury which would boil over him directly they learned how he had bested them.

He added: "All the time you've been trapping the wrong man."

Hatz burst out laughing, and his chief's sombre lips curled in amusement as well. Malice and derision were both in that smile.

"We are trapping the wrong man, are we? You are not J. A. Smith?"

"Not the Smith you're after."

Lapp yawned. "Oh, come, come!" he sighed. "So you have been trying to turn my absence into account by concocting a fairy story. Come, what a poor shot! Don't try me any farther. For the last time, what are the key words?"

"I tell you," Fruppeny flung at him, "I am not your Smith. I haven't got a guardian. I live with my people."

"Then what brought you here?" Mr. Lapp interjected this quietly.

"I came in the place of your Smith. Oh, listen!" he cried. And he poured out as much of the story as was required.

They let him go on to the end. Then: "Finished?" sneered Hatz.

Fruppeny stood stupefied. He had looked for a torrent of anger. He had looked for anything but this cold disbelief.

"Your linen is marked J. A. Smith," Hatz went on.

"My initials are J. A. I told you they were! My name is Smith. I've said it is. But I'm not your Smith."

"There, that will do!" growled Lapp, with another yawn. "We've been patient and listened to every word of your fairy tale. Now in return for our patience ask yourself

this: Which is more likely, that two lads could pass each for the other at different schools and keep up the imposture for a whole term, or that you have invented this story to save your skin? Which is more likely, Smith? Just ask yourself that!"

Revelation struck Fruppeny dumb. Which was the more likely? The question answered itself.

Hatz had rushed from the room, but now darted back, and with a snarl he thrust under Fruppeny's nose that which he had gone from the room to fetch. It was a photograph of a broad-faced boy in a sailor suit.

"There," he snarled; "Mr. Burford himself gave me that! That's a picture of his ward taken four years ago. Do you deny that it's you? It is you."

"It is not!" gasped Fruppeny. But how he lamented now that he and his namesake were so much alike to look at! Anyone who hadn't seen them together, anyone who didn't know either well, might readily mistake him for the original of this somewhat ancient photograph of his friend.

Hope left him as he perceived that nothing on Earth would convince them that he wasn't the Smith they wanted. His mine had been sprung, and exploded upon himself. He had thrown for his last chance, and the throw was against him.

CHAPTER 42 The Dinghy

NEVERTHELESS a spark of hope revived when, instead of being carried off at once to the ship, he found himself alone in his cell again. It might be, of course, that they were not ready for flight yet; but, on the contrary, it might be that they had been trying a bluff, without any serious intention of kidnapping him.

He would soon know now, he kept telling himself, as he climbed to the window from which escape had been shut and gazed at the lights of the schooner glimmering mistily. And then it was "This time next week I wonder where I shall be?" that he repeated.

He was occupied thus when Hatz came with something to eat and put him for the moment out of suspense. That night, Hatz told him, he would be kept where he was. "Unless, of course," he was adding, but broke off short as their eyes met. Reading no submission in those of his prisoner, he flashed: "Well, please yourself, Smith. We'll soon change your tune for you."

In the morning Fruppeny climbed betimes to his window to watch the activity between vessel and house. The rain was falling and some wind had blown up from seaward, threshing the bay's surface into billows. Across this fretted surface the boats danced and bobbed as, laden to the gunwales, they passed to and fro, now swallowed in the trough of a rushing wave, now riding upon its crest in a smother of spume.

At any other time the spectacle would have enchanted him, but now its significance brought his heart to his mouth. No more room to doubt, to suspect them of bluff. It was clear that they were completing their preparations to carry away such things with them as they needed and to abandon the rest with the house. It was clear that all along they had foreseen the possibility of having to steal away without answering questions, for which very purpose this remote, lonely house had been rented. Very likely if he had surrendered the sacred secret at once they would have wasted no time in departing with it, after taking precautions to dispose of him and old Hannah. Or perhaps they had meant to carry both out to sea and land them somewhere when it was too late to matter.

At any rate, whatever their original plan, and however they had arranged to stop him and the deaf-and-dumb woman from interference, it looked to Fruppeny—as he reasoned thus—that they had counted on his immediate betrayal of the secret, and that as soon as they had found themselves checkmated there Lapp had dashed away to adapt or extend his precautions—perhaps to communicate by cable with Benvalor and get a reply, perhaps—but why speculate further? There rode their schooner; there to and fro passed her boats; speculation would avail nothing against the grim fact that very soon he would be confronting the worst.

He just wondered would they kidnap the woman as well? Dare they leave her behind them? Or would they risk it? They might be satisfied that such an afflicted old creature would only be laughed at if she tried to spread her wild story. For what a wild story! That here in orderly England and in sight of Ottersfoot a person could be spirited away overseas!

But he might have known, he might have known, he thought next. For see, the huddled frame in that boat was old Hannah's, incapable of resistance—he might have known! For these men had taken no chances, and they would take none.

How much longer now would they keep him waiting? The morning sped on; footsteps passed up and down the house; once when someone rattled the knob of his door and passed on again he slid from the window and stood alert, all in a quiver. Later Hatz appeared with some bread and meat, to disappear without any sign or word; until presently followed a spell of comparative silence, and, mounting again to his observation post at the window, he saw that the traffic betwixt shore and vessel had ceased.

The light was fading when his door opened for the last time, revealing Hatz with two swarthy men at his back. Hatz said something to them in a smooth foreign tongue, and, nodding comprehension, they advanced clumsily.

Resistance was vain, yet he put up some sort of a fight for it, and once, when they had him cornered, so far succeeded as to make a dash to the door, where Hatz crouched on guard. Hatz struck at him; he reeled back under the blow; then found himself fast gripped in a tarry embrace, while two hairy hands slipped a sack over his head. "Got him?" he could hear Hatz exclaiming in English.

Both the man who held him and he who was making the sack fast—lashing its mouth round his elbows and straightened arms—made some reply in their own language, at which Hatz gave a laugh. Then

"Bring him along!" he cried; and Fruppeny's legs were caught up; he was aware of the turn and bite of a rope round his ankles; and, powerless for further resistance, he was borne off.

Next through the canvas he was conscious of the salt air, and, after an uncomfortable descent of the rocks, he felt himself being laid on the thwarts of a boat. Presently the boat was tumbling and tossing, and it seemed ages before he heard the command to cease pulling and knew that they had come to the schooner's counter. The little boat began to rock on the swell of the sea; he was sensible that they were fending her off with their oars; and then that he was being carried up the ship's side and borne across the deck and down a railed stairway.

In a cabin at the foot of the companion-ladder the stifling sack was twitched off his head and shoulders and, after a pause, his feet were freed from the galling rope. The blood coursed through them once more like hot streams of fire, and when he attempted to stand on them he collapsed, for numbness had succeeded the fiery torment. They picked him up, and one of the men who had brought him dropped on one knee and, removing his boots, chafed his ankles.

Fruppeny thanked him, but received a mere shake of the head in token that his English was not understood. Nor, as he noticed next, were his boots to be given back to him, for one after the other he saw them tossed through the door.

Without further ado they left him a prisoner once more, for he shook the sliding door and found it secured. It was dark in there, but, after some fumbling, his fingers closed on an electric switch by the bunk. He tried the porthole, but its thick, impenetrable glass revealed nothing, and all his force would not make its clamps budge an inch.

He had forgotten to wind up his wrist watch, which had run down, but he believed that three or four hours must have gone by before Hatz, that eternal gaoler, slid the door open, bringing a tray and bidding him when he had eaten to clamber into the bunk and get off to sleep. Vindictively Hatz added, "We're off in the morning."

Fruppeny ate, but he did not climb into the bunk, for he caught sight of something that made his heart beat excitedly. And that was the faintest crack betwixt the door and its jamb. Although Hatz had slid the door back into place when he left, he had failed to push it quite far enough to work the catch which fastened it on the outside. Perhaps in his unfamiliarity with the attachment Hatz had not realised what a hard thrust it needed.

But Fruppeny realised, for the result was too good to be true! The door could be opened easily now from the inside. And wasn't it now or never? he told himself, stiffening.

He turned out his light. He listened. He quivered in the darkness. Noiselessly he slid the door back a few inches. With his ear at the opening he started to listen once more, gathering and sifting such sounds as there were and making sure that none of them threatened danger.

Outside the cabin the alley-way was in darkness. Into this darkness he stole, every nerve on the tingle, and, holding his breath, he began to ascend the companion. Above its last step he peered; then mastered his courage and melted into the shadows under the bulwarks. From the binnacle he caught a low murmur of voices, and forward in the chains a dim form was visible. Creeping like a cat and deep in the shadow, he gained the stern and found what he sought.

This was the painter of the dinghy in which they had brought him, and which, in readiness, as he supposed, for a final trip, had not been lifted aboard but left on the water.

Without hesitation—oh, he must not hesitate now!—he swarmed down the rope and dropped noiselessly into the boat.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Sailor's Box

MAX DUVAL was a Belgian boy, and lived in Antwerp with his mother. His father was a sailor on a ship that went from Antwerp out to the Congo, Belgium's colony.

Max was very fond of his father, and meant to be a sailor too when he grew up. He had always, since he was a little chap, been taken down to see the big white boat, the Saint Clothilde, when she came in; he had always been allowed to watch the mighty cranes at work clearing her of her cargo and loading her up again.

Max felt he knew a good deal about the folk who lived in that far-away mysterious Congoland. He saw the great loads of red bricks being shipped into the hold; he saw the long, trembling strips of steel and iron, also, for building.

When Duval came home he used to enjoy loading up for another trip. It was part of his job to direct some of the dockers, with whom he was on the friendliest terms, and Max himself would plead hard to be allowed to help to carry one of the big crates that had to be got on board through a swinging crane.

One day the big, burly Belgian father got really annoyed with his young son's endeavours. "Hands off, Max!" he said sharply, as the boy tried to lift up a heavy case.

That night Max talked with his mother. "Daddy seems to think I'm only a baby," he grumbled; "after all, I'm twelve."

"Well, supposing you do lift a load on board the Saint Clothilde before she goes," said his mother kindly, for she knew that was Max's ambition. "We will get one ready here, and you shall carry it on board yourself, Max; I promise that."

And the very next evening she called Max to her, and showed him a smallish wooden box and some articles on a table.

"We will pack up all these things in it, Max, for your father on the voyage," said she. "See, in this tin are the hard gingerbread cakes that your father loves, here are the Dutch cheroots he likes to smoke, here is a warm scarf, here is a case of the best Belgian chocolate made in Verviers, here are some apples, here is a case of mending wool and darning needles and buttons and thread, and here, my boy, is the photograph of you and me."

"It is a good load," said Max, very delighted. "Supposing we add to it a tin of the honey from Louvain that came from Aunt Marie the other day?"

So the tin of honey was put in also, and the case was nailed down, and the next day, before the great boat Saint Clothilde sailed for the South, Max's upright figure, in its blue sailor suit, was seen proudly treading the gangway with his case on his shoulder, just as if it had been a heavy load.

How pleased the sailor was, later on, to find it lying right in the middle of his hammock!

U.S.E.

U.S.E. stands for the United States of Europe, and in My Magazine for September (now on sale everywhere, price one shilling) is a striking article on this subject of such vast importance to us all. Here are a few of the things in this new issue of the C.N. monthly.

The Last Scenes in a Great Life
A Mystery of History

Can the League Put Time Straight?
Some Queer Things About the Calendar

The Way of a Bird in the Air
What We are Learning About It

An Artist's Struggle for Fame
Reviver of a Lost Art

The Universe About Us
What Science Asks Us to Believe

In all there are 18 splendid articles, pages and pages of stories, poems, and puzzles, and well over a hundred pictures, many of them being beautifully printed in colours and in photogravure. There is no better value on the book-stalls. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee



There's the Song of the Lark When the Skies are Clear



DI MERRYMAN

"I'm afraid we can't use your poem," said the editor.
"What is wrong with it?" asked the poet. "Is it too long?"
"Yes," said the editor. "Too long, and too wide, and too thick."

What Am I?

MY first is in wagon but not in horse,
My second's in mighty but not in force,
My third is in looking but not in see,
My fourth is in dockyard but not in quay,
My fifth is in buzzer but not in hum,
My sixth is in running but not in come,
My seventh's in cornstalk but not in oat,
My eighth is in ewe lamb but not in goat,
My ninth is in shilling but not in pound,
My tenth is in puppies but not in hound,
My whole is a dreary and barren land,
A desolate region of rocks and sand.

Answer next week

Better Than Nothing

A SHIPWRECKED crew had been adrift in an open boat for two days, and among them was a landsman whose hope was sinking.
"What's that?" he exclaimed at last, pointing into the distance.
"That looks like land, doesn't it?"
"I see nothing but the horizon," replied a sailor.
"Well, that's better than nothing," moaned the disconsolate landsman. "Let's row toward it, anyway."

Is Your Name Hewitt?

THIS name is a diminutive of Hugh and means Little Hugh, a name that became very popular in England in the latter half of the 13th century, when a child named Hugh was said to have been murdered by the Jews of Lincoln.

WHEN are eyes not eyes?
When the wind makes them water.

One of the Sights

A LITTLE boy had been brought to London by his father to see the sights. As they walked along Whitehall Father pointed out the various Government offices, and at last the boy exclaimed:
"Dad, when are we going to see some red tape?"

Hats of the World



Eskimo Tungus of Siberia

An Arithmetical Puzzle

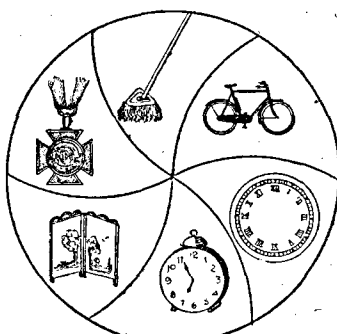
"How many apples and pears have you?" asked Jack of Harry.
"Well," said Harry, "if I had eight more of each I should have eight apples for seven pears; and if I had eight less of each I should have seven apples for six pears."
How many apples and pears had Harry?

Solution next week

WHAT tongue is it that sometimes gives you pain and yet never speaks a word?

The tongue of your shoe.

A Picture Puzzle



When you have found the names of the objects in this picture take two consecutive letters from each name. These, when arranged in correct order, will spell the name of a book that embraces the whole circle of learning. Can you do this?

Solution next week

Lost and Found

AN absent-minded man dined with a friend one night, and the next day he wrote this note:
"I left my pocket-knife at your house last night, so if you find it please send it back to me."
"P.S. Do not trouble to send the knife because I have just found it."

Every Little Helps

THERE was a young lady of Twickenham
Whose shoes were too tight to walk quick in 'em,
So after a mile
She sat on a stile,
And stuck stamps on the soles to thicken 'em.

WHEN is a window like a star?
When it is a skylight.

Fast Asleep Slowly

FATHER: "Johnny, this is disgraceful! Why are you late for breakfast every morning?"
Johnny: "Please, Father, I think it is because I sleep very slowly."

A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is black or white or brown,
I think,
'Tis sometimes grey, but never green or pink;
In yon gay dance my second has a place,
Though ne'er in time it wanteth not in grace;
My third of Grecian birth, in prose ne'er seen
Nor oft in English poetry, I ween;
My grievous direful whole it oft relates
With wretched mortals and their loves and hates.

Answer next week

WHAT tree is of great use in history? The date.

Beyond the Limit

A POLITICAL orator who was being constantly interrupted became angry and exclaimed:
"I will speak as long as I please!"
A voice replied:
"You have spoken longer than you please."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

An Arithmetical Problem

Twelve days, because the walls would be four times as large.

What Am I? Candlestick.

Hidden Flowers

The objects in the picture were Ring, Nine, Sums, Motor, and the hidden flowers were Geum, Rose, Iris.

Who Was He?

The Great Traveller was Marco Polo.

Jacko Climbs a Tree

JACKO was out of the house like a shot when he heard a man in the street calling out the magic words Ice Cream. He took a big jug with him and asked for it to be filled.

The man looked at him suspiciously. "Let me see the money first," he said. "I've got my living to earn."

"I've got plenty of money," said Jacko grandly.

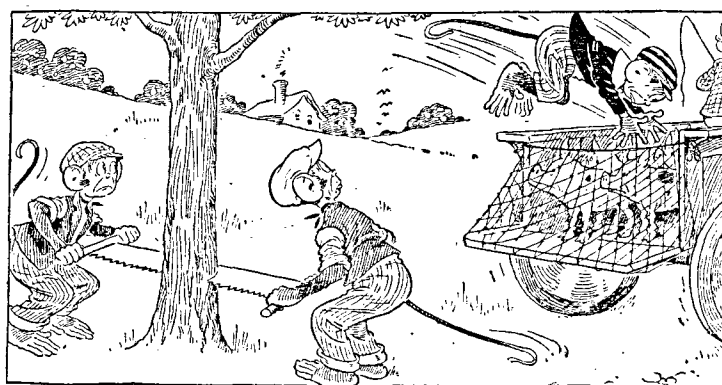
But when he felt in his pocket he could only find twopence. He had forgotten that he had spent all the rest of his money on jam tarts the day before.

The man smiled knowingly when he saw Jacko's plight.

"I thought so," he said. "Trying to get something for nothing." And he trundled his barrow away round the corner.

But Jacko still had twopence in his pocket, and it was a very hot day. He decided to pocket his pride, and the next moment he was careering down the road after the ice-cream barrow.

"Hi! I'll have twopennyworth," he shouted.



Jacko landed in a cartload of little pigs

But the man had had his suspicions aroused, and was determined to have no more dealings with Jacko.

"Get out of here," he said, "or I'll fetch the police!"

Jacko dodged round the barrow and ran off down the street. But the man came after him at such a rate that at last he had to climb up one of the trees growing beside the road.

The man couldn't follow him up there, and he went off, turning round every now and then to shake his fist at Jacko.

Jacko only grinned and worked his way right up to the top of the tree, where he watched the traffic that went past.

But all at once the tree began to sway! Jacko looked down through the branches and saw to his horror that some men with a big saw were cutting down the tree.

"Here, half a minute!" shouted Jacko, jumping from branch to branch. "Stop it, I say!"

But the men were making too much noise to hear Jacko's cries, and at last in desperation Jacko took a flying leap.

He shut his eyes as he shot through the air and waited for the bump. And when it came there was some squealing. But the squeals weren't Jacko's. He had landed in the middle of a cartload of little pigs on their way to market!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

Haydn has a Whipping

When Haydn was a boy he used to sing in the choir of the cathedral at Vienna, and he and his companions were always up to mischief. One of their favourite occupations was to climb up on the scaffolding at the Royal Palace, which was then undergoing alteration; and one day the Empress looked out of her windows and saw Haydn perched high up above all his friends.

She immediately sent a message to the choirmaster, complaining of the boys' behaviour, and requesting that "that fair-headed blockhead, the ringleader of them all, should have a good hiding."

Years later, when Haydn was chief musician to Prince Esterhazy and famous throughout the country, the Empress came to hear him play, and Haydn reminded her of the good hiding she had once ordered for him.

"Well, you see, my dear Haydn," was the reply, "the hiding has borne good fruit."

Haydn Reçoit le Fouet

Quand Haydn était un petit garçon il était choriste à la cathédrale de Vienne, et lui et ses compagnons étaient toujours à faire des tours. Une de leurs occupations favorites était de grimper sur l'échafaudage qui entourait le Palais Royal au cours des réparations; un jour l'Impératrice regarda par la fenêtre et vit Haydn haut perché, bien au-dessus de ses amis.

Elle envoya aussitôt un billet au maître de chapelle pour se plaindre de la conduite des garçons, et le priant de "donner le fouet au petit imbécile blond, le chef de la bande."

Bien des années plus tard, lorsque Haydn était maître de musique du Prince Esterhazy, et célèbre dans tout l'empire, l'Impératrice vint l'entendre jouer; Haydn lui rappela la correction qu'elle lui avait fait administrer.

"Eh bien, vous voyez, mon cher Haydn," répondit-elle, "elle a porté de bons fruits."

Tales Before Bedtime

The Spotted Spades

EVIE looked across the sands at a group of children.

"If only they would speak to me," she thought, "it would be lovely! If only anyone would, so that I needn't play alone."

But no one did speak to her, and Evie had to play alone. She wandered here and there, and at last came running back to where her mother and father were sitting.

There were tears in her eyes, but she was trying not to cry.

"Whatever is the matter?" her mother asked.

"Oh, Mummy," the little girl began, "I lost my spade and then found a little boy playing with it, and when I asked him for it he said it was his. But I'm sure it wasn't, because mine has got some dabs of funny green paint on the handle, and the one he was playing with had too."

"We'll go and look for it," her mother said, and Evie took her straight to the little boy, who was still digging with the spade with the green dabs of paint on the handle.

Mother was quite sure when she spoke to him that Evie was mistaken, and so they went a little farther, and then all at once the little girl stopped.

"Why, here it is!" she cried, and ran and picked up a spade which was lying on the sand.

But just then a little girl called, "That's my spade!"

"But I'm sure it's mine," Evie began, "because of these green dabs of paint."

"But mine has those too," the little girl said.

"And mine too," cried a voice, and there was the little boy, who had followed them,



Evie looked at a group of children

holding out his spade with the green spots on the handle!

Then Mother laughed.

"Why, I expect we bought them at the same shop!" she said, "and they are all alike, so we'll have to look about for still another like yours!"

Then all the other children joined in and helped, and soon Evie's own spade was found.

By this time they had become friends, and afterwards Evie never played alone again.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

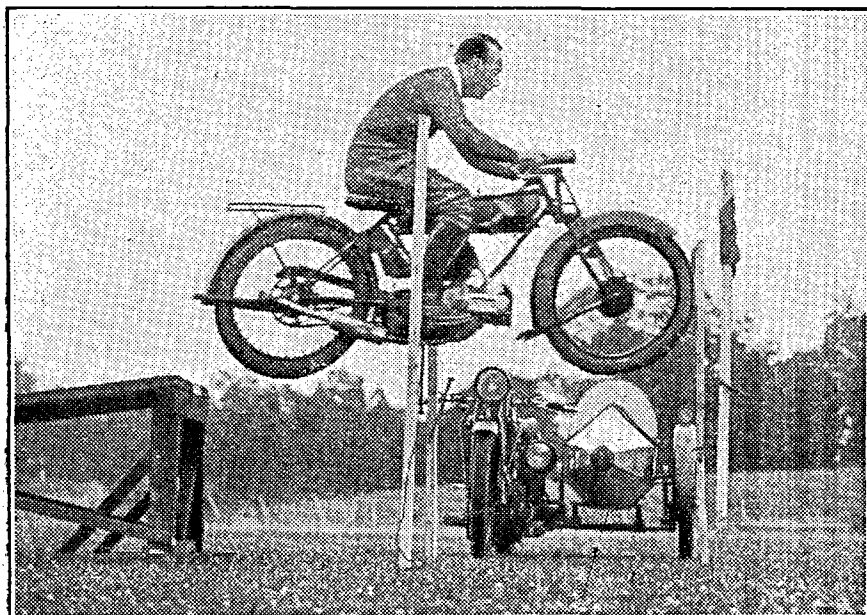
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 21, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

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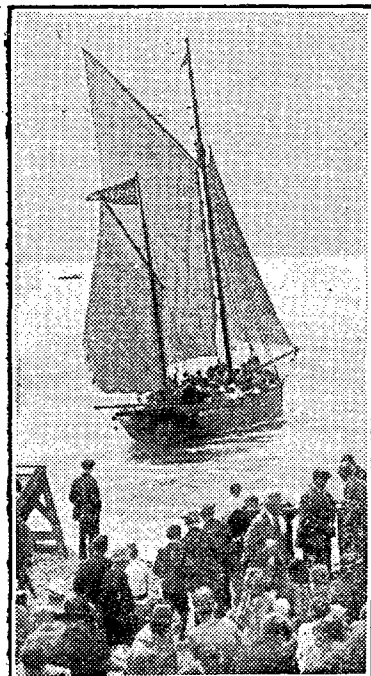
MOTOR-CYCLE JUMP • THE WATER-LILY HARVEST • ELEPHANT'S TOILET



A Motor-Cycle's Great Jump—One of the most exciting moments in a motor-cycle display at the Crystal Palace was provided by this competitor, who drove up a slope at top speed and leaped clean over a motor-cycle and side-car. It was a severe test for the springs of the machine.



Safety First in Belgium—At seaside resorts on the Belgian coast men are employed to keep a watchful eye on the bathers and recall them by sounding a bugle if they should swim beyond the limits of safety. Here we see three safety men at Blankenberghe warning a bather.



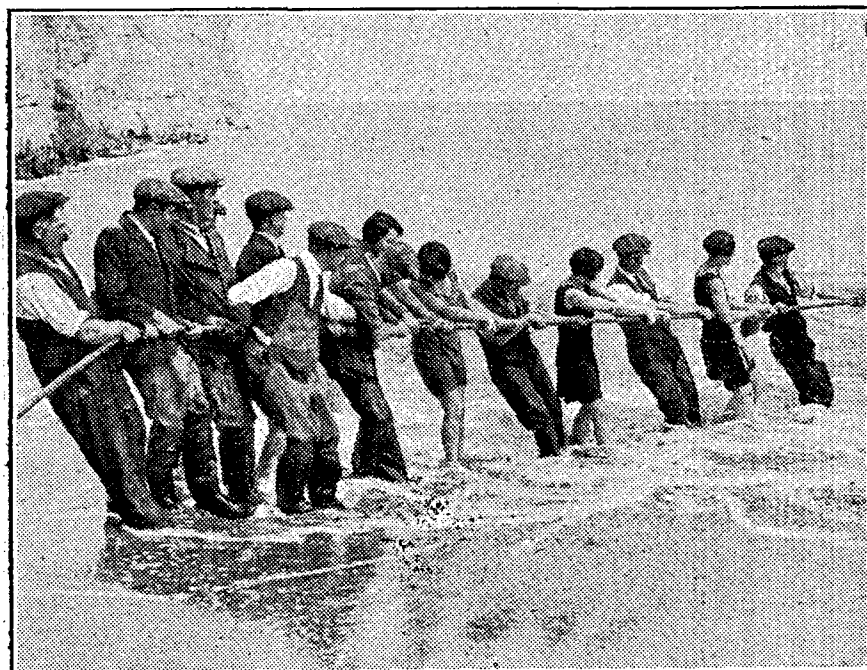
All Aboard—For many people no holiday at the seaside is complete without a trip in a sailing-boat, and here we see a party setting sail from Brighton.



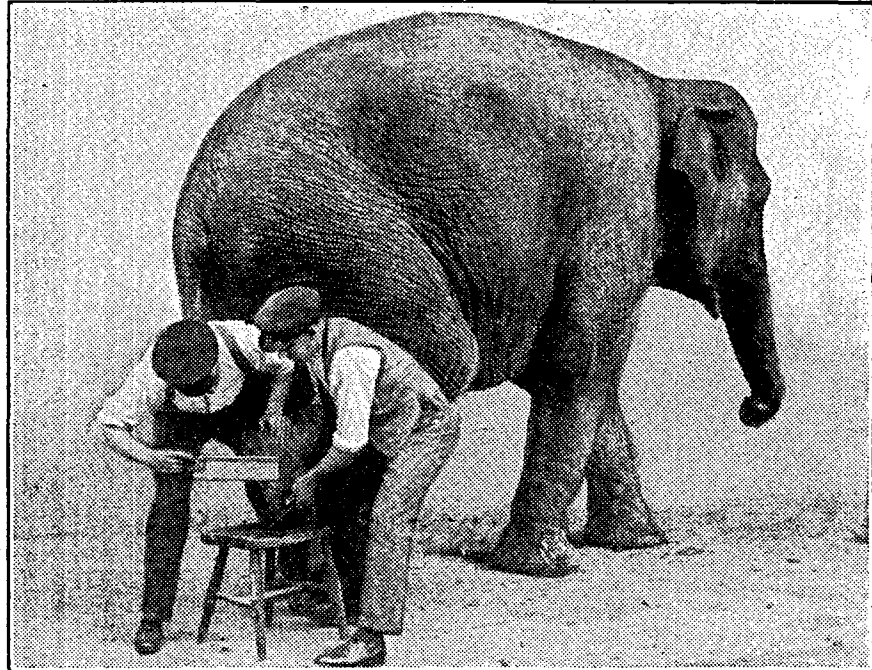
Gathering the Water-Lily Harvest—At Lingfield, in Surrey, water-lilies grow in great profusion, and this picture shows three girls in a boat sorting the beautiful white flowers they have just gathered from the pond. Water-lilies are greatly in demand as table decorations and for ornamental lakes.



A Girl's Long Jump—Over 1000 took part in the Junior Championships at Stamford Bridge, London. Here is Miss Molesey winning the long jump.



Landing a Telephone Cable from the Continent—Bathers at Dumpton Gap, near Broadstairs, helped to land the end of a telephone cable that has just been laid from La Panne, in Belgium.



Manicuring the Elephant—As there is not very rough wear on the feet of Zoo elephants the keepers sometimes have to saw off the hard skin and the nails, as they are seen doing here.

CAPTAIN COOK: BY A MAN WHO SAW HIM DIE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER

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